Caulfield

SELECT DIALOGUES

OF

LUCIAN,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY

THOMAS FRANKLIN, D.D.

THE

SUNGRAPHEIN,

BY

G. W. VERNON, Esq.

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Caulfield

SELECT DIALOGUES

OF

LUCIAN.

DIALOGUE I.

VENUS AND CUPID.

VENUS.

HOW comes it to paſs, Cupid, that whilſt you attack Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Apollo, nay, and even me, your own mother, and all the gods, and goddeſſes, Minerva alone eſcapes you? againſt her your torch has no fire your quiver no Arrows: you have neither bow, nor ſkill to uſe one.

CUPID.

In truth, mother, I am afraid of her; ſhe is ſo maſculine, ſo formidable, and looks ſo fiercely. Whenever I ſtretch my bow againſt her ſhe ſhakes

her creſted helmet, and ſo terrifies me, that I tremble all over, and my arrows drop out of my hand.

VENUS.

Was not Mars much more formidable, and yet, though armed, you conquered him?

CUPID.

But he voluntarily yields, and even invites me; whilſt Minerva always looks ſternly on me. Once I flew raſhly up, and held my torch cloſe to her, when immediately ſhe cried out, "By my father, if you approach a ſtep nigher to me, I will run you through with this lance, take you by the foot, and hurl you headlong down to Tartarus, or tear you into a thouſand pieces." Thus did ſhe threaten me: then ſhe looked ſo ſour, and carries on her breaſt a frightful gorgon's head, with ſnakes round it, which I ſhudder at, and run away whenever I ſee her.

VENUS.

So you are afraid of Minerva and her gorgon, more than of Jove's thunder: but how happens it that the Muſes alſo are invulnerable by you, and ſafe from the power of your darts? Do they ſhake their creſted helmets and gorgons too?

CUPID.

Them I revere: they are always grave, and wrapped in meditation, and intent on ſacred ſong: I often ſtand by and liſten to them, delighted with their melody.

VENUS.

Well, ſince they are ſo reverend, let them alone; but why do not you attack Diana?

CUPID.

To ſay the truth, in one word, ſhe flies into the mountains, and I cannot overtake her; beſides, ſhe is entirely taken up with a paſſion of her own.

VENUS.

What paſſion, child?

CUPID.

Oh! hunting ſtags and hinds, which ſhe purſues, and kills with her arrows; this employment takes up all her time: but as for her brother, ſo famous for his bow, that far-ſhooting god—

VENUS.

Aye, him, I know, you have wounded often enough.

DIALOGUE II.

VULCAN AND APOLLO.

VULCAN.

APOLLO, have you ſeen this new-born ſon of Maia? the infant is exceſſively pretty, ſmiles at every body, and ſeems to promiſe ſomething great hereafter.

APOLLO.

Very great, to be ſure, Vulcan, and a pretty

infant, who is older in miſchief than * Japetus himſelf.

VULCAN.

Why, what mighty miſchief can a child do that is juſt born?

APOLLO.

Aſk Neptune, whoſe trident he ſtole; or Mars, whoſe ſword he drew privately out of his ſcabbard; not to mention myſelf, whom he diſarmed of my bow and arrows?

VULCAN.

What! an infant, that is carried about in his ſwaddling-cloaths, do this!

APOLLO.

You'll ſee, if he comes near you.

VULCAN.

He has been with me already.

APOLLO.

And have you got all your tools ſafe? is nothing miſſing?

* *Japetus, &c.*] Japetus was the ſon of Ouranus, and brother to Saturn. According to Heſiod, he married Clymene, daughter of Oceanus, by whom he had four illuſtrious ſons, Atlas, Menetius, Prometheus, and Epimetheus. He was conſidered by the Grecians as the great father and founder of their whole race. Hiſtory and tradition could not reach beyond him. A very old man in his dotage was uſually called Japetus. Etymologiſts ſay, he was the ſame as Japhet; and the ſimilitude of ſound ſeems to favour this conjecture.

VULCAN.

VULCAN.

Nothing.

APOLLO.

But look narrowly.

VULCAN.

By Jove, I don't ſee my tongs.

APOLLO.

You'll find them in the child's ſwaddling-clothes.

VULCAN.

Is he ſo nimble-fingered as to have learned the art of ſtealing in his mother's womb.

APOLLO.

If you were to hear him talk, you would be aſtoniſhed at his humour and volubility. He wants to be my deputy. Yeſterday he challenged Cupid; and, ſome how or other, tripped up his heels and got the better of him. A little after this, whilſt Venus was embracing and praiſing him for his victory, he ſtole her ceſtus; and, as Jupiter was laughing at him, ran away with his ſceptre, and if his thunder and lightning had not been rather too heavy, and had too much fire, would have taken them into the bargain.

VULCAN.

lively boy, indeed!

APOLLO.

And, what is more, he is a muſician too.

VULCAN.

Why do you imagine ſo?

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

He found a dead * tortoiſe ſomewhere and made a muſical inſtrument of it; and fitting pins to it, with a neck, and keys, and bow, and ſeven ſtrings, played upon it ſomething ſo ſweet and harmonious, as to raiſe envy, even in me, whom, you know, in former times, was counted a tolerable harper. Maia ſays, he never ſtays a night in heaven; but, out of his ſuperabundant induſtry, wanders down to hell, and ſteals ſomething from thence. He has wings withal, and a † wand of moſt miraculous power, by virtue

* *Tortoiſe.*] Mercury, as all the old poets tell us, firſt diſcovered the teſtudo, or lyre, with ſeven ſtrings. The old tale is, that after ſtealing ſome bulls from Apollo, he retired to a ſecret grotto. Juſt as he was going in, he found a tortoiſe, which he killed, and, perhaps, eat the fleſh of it. As he was afterwards diverting himſelf with the ſhell, he was mightily pleaſed with the noiſe it gave from its concave figure; and poſſibly, had been cunning enough to find out, that a ſtring pulled ſtrait, and faſtened at each end, when ſtruck by the finger, made a ſort of muſical ſound. He went immediately to work, and cut ſeveral ſtrings out of the hides he had ſtolen, and faſtened them as tight as he could, to the ſhell of the tortoiſe; and in playing with them, made a new kind of muſic, to divert himſelf in his retreat. This was the origin of the lyre. See Spencer's Polymetis, Dial. 8. See alſo Dr. Burney's Deſcription of the teſtudo, in his excellent Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. I. p. 268.

† *A wand.*] This wand, according to ſome writers, was given to Mercury by Apollo, in exchange for a lyre. Its wonderful perfections are mentioned by Virgil,

Tum virgam capit, hac animas ille evocat Orco
Palentes, alias ſub triſtia tartara mittit.

virtue of which he calls forth the dead to life, and conducts the living to the ſhades below.

VULCAN.

Aye; I gave him that for a play-thing.

APOLLO.

And he returned the favour, by ſtealing your tongs.

VULCAN.

Well remembered: I'll go and ſee if I can find them where you ſay they are, in his ſwaddling-clothes.

DIALOGUE III.

MERCURY AND MAIA.

MERCURY.

O my mother, is there in heaven a god ſo wretched as I am?

MAIA.

Talk not thus, Mercury, I beſeech you.

MERCURY.

Have I not reaſon? Fatigued as I am with perpetual employment, and diſtracted with a thouſand different offices. Firſt, I muſt get up early, and ſet out the breakfaſt-table; then, when I have got the council-chamber ready, and put every thing in order, muſt I wait on Jove, and carry meſſages up and down

down for him all the day; and, when I come home, all over dirt and duſt, muſt go and ſerve up ambroſia; nay, and before this new cup-bearer came, was obliged to hand round the nectar alſo; but, what is worſt of all, I have no reſt even of nights; for then I am employed in conveying the ſouls of the dead to Pluto; leading the ſhades about, and aſſiſting at the ſeat of judgment. It is not ſufficient that I am all day in buſineſs, exerciſed in the palæſtra, chief crier of the councils, or teaching the orators; but I muſt be arbiter amongſt the dead too. The ſons of * Leda take their turns to be above, and below, but I muſt be in both places every day. Bacchus and Hercules, both the offspring of poor mortal women, feaſt and play; whilſt I, the ſon of Atlantis, am forced to wait on them. I am but this moment returned from Sidon, where I have been on a meſſage to the daughter of Cadmus, to ſee what ſhe is about; and now, before I can take breath, muſt I poſt away to Danae, at Argos; from thence he tells me to march into Bœotia, and call by the way upon Antiope: in ſhort, I am quite out of heart, and, if it were poſſible, ſhould deſire to be ſold to ſome other maſter, like my fellow-ſlaves on earth.

MAIA.

* *Sons of Leda.*] Caſtor and Pollux. The latter of theſe twin-brothers intreated his father, Jupiter, that the gift of immortality might be between them. Jupiter conſented; and the two heroes, we are told, died by turns: like a couple of buckets, the uppermoſt remained on earth, whilſt the other remained dipped in the Styx. In a following dialogue we ſhall have more of them.

MAIA.

Talk no more in this manner, child, but obey your father, as a ſon ought to do. Away to Argos, and from thence as you were bid; leſt, if you loiter, you may be trimmed for it: lovers, my dear, are very iraſcible.

DIALOGUE IV.

VENUS AND CUPID.

VENUS.

SEE, ſon Cupid, what work you make; I do not mean what mortals, by your inſtigation, do one among another upon earth; but, by your pranks in heaven, turning Jupiter into ſo many ſhapes, juſt as occaſion ſerves, calling down the moon from her orb; making Phœbus forget his journey to ſtop with Clymene; with your bold and impudent attacks on your own mother; but, which is ſtill more inſolent, you have made even old † Rhea, that antiquated matron,

† *Rhea.*] Or Cybele, the wife of Saturn, and commonly called the Mother of the Gods. The poets tell us, ſhe fell in love with Atys, a young Phrygian ſhepherd, who, like other young men, not being fond of old women, ſlighted her. She reſented the injury on his miſtreſs; or, as ſome writers ſay, on Atys himſelf in the ſevereſt manner, as the reader may ſee, if he turns to Catullus. Her prieſts are repreſented as lamenting his death. See Sophocles.

matron, the mother of ſo many gods, fall in love with a Phrygian boy. You have driven her into madneſs. She harneſſes her lions; and, taking with her Corybantes, who are as mad as herſelf, runs up and down mount Ida, crying after Atys, whilſt ſome of her prieſts cut their arms with ſwords, others ramble with diſhevelled hair over the mountains, others ſound their horns, others beat their drums and cymbals; all in ſhort is riot, noiſe, and madneſs. I am quite terrified at it: You are ſo miſchievous a creature, that I am afraid, Rhea, in one of her mad fits, or rather if ſhe comes to herſelf again, will order her prieſt to tear you in pieces, or give you to the lions: you are in imminent danger, I aſſure you.

CUPID.

Never fear, mother; the lions are my particular acquaintance: I frequently get upon their backs, lay hold of their manes, and drive them about like ſo many horſes; they wag their tails at me, take my hand in their mouths, lick it and give it me back unhurt; and as to Rhea herſelf, how can ſhe find time to be revenged on me, whilſt ſhe thinks of nothing but Atys? beſides, after all, what harm do I do, by only pointing out what is beautiful? What is ugly none of you deſire; therefore blame not me: Would you wiſh that Mars ſhould no longer love you, nor you him?

VENUS.

Subtle rogue! you were born to conquer: but one day or other you will remember my words.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE V.

PAN AND MERCURY.

PAN.

HEALTH to my father Mercury.

MERCURY.

Health to you: but how came I to be your father?

PAN.

Are not you Cyllenian Mercury?

MERCURY.

Moſt certainly: but how are you my ſon?

PAN.

O, a natural one, the offspring of love.

MERCURY.

The offspring of a he-goat rather: how can you be mine, with thoſe horns, ſuch a noſe, a ſhaggy beard, cloven feet, and a tail at your rump?

PAN.

When you reproach me, you reproach your own ſon, or rather yourſelf, for getting ſuch children: it was not my fault.

MERCURY.

Who was your mother, pray; had I ever an intrigue with a goat?

PAN.

Never: but recollect whether you did not, once upon a time, ſeduce a free woman in Arcadia.

Why do you bite your fingers, and hesitate so long? You must remember Penelope, the daughter of Icarius.

MERCURY.

How happened it then, that instead of having a child resembling me, she brought forth one like a goat?

PAN.

I will repeat you her own words, when she sent me into Arcadia: Know, child, said she, I, Penelope of Sparta, am thy mother: the god Mercury, son of Jove and Maia, is thy father. Let it not trouble thee that thou art horned, and has goat's feet; for thy father, when he and I were first intimate together, assumed the form of a goat to conceal himself, and therefore it is you are so like one.

MERCURY.

By Jupiter, now I remember it well: and must I then, at last, who am so proud of my fine form, and having no beard, be called your father, and be laughed at for my beautiful offspring?

PAN.

After all, father, I shall be no disgrace to you; I am an excellent musician, and can sing, and play on the pipe most delightfully; Bacchus can do nothing without me; I am his companion, and brother-dancer, and lead the chorus for him. It would give you pleasure to see the flocks which I have about Tegæa, and Parthenium. I command

all

all Arcadia. I behaved ſo well lately, when I aſſiſted the Athenians at Marathon, that they gave me, in reward of my valour, the cave at the bottom of the great tower: and if you go to *Athens, you will ſee in how great eſtimation the name of Pan is there.

MERCURY.

Are you married, pray? for that, I ſuppoſe too, they have inſiſted on.

PAN.

No: I am too amorous for that, and ſhould never be contented with one.

MERCURY.

You are very great then, I imagine, with the ſhe-goats.

PAN.

You are pleaſed to jeer at me: but I have had favours from Echo, Pitys, and all the Mænades, and am in high eſtimation with every one of them.

MERCURY.

One requeſt, my ſon, as the firſt I ever made to you, you muſt comply with.

PAN.

Command, my father, and you ſhall be obeyed.

MERCURY.

Come hither then, and kiſs me, but be ſure you never call me father before any body.

* *To Athens.*] There is an Epigram attributed to Simonides on the ſtatue of Pan, alluding to this circumſtance. See alſo Pauſanias.

DIALOGUE VI.

VULCAN AND JUPITER.

VULCAN.

JUPITER, I have brought the hatchet, as you ordered me; it is ſharp enough to pierce through a ſtone at one blow; what muſt I do with it?

JUPITER.

Cut my head in two.

VULCAN.

Do you take me for a madman? Tell me in earneſt what I muſt do.

JUPITER.

Divide this pericranium of mine; if you do not, you know I can be angry; ſo take care: be ſure you do it with a good will, and immediately too. I am half dead with pain. My head is diſtracted with it.

VULCAN.

I wiſh we may not do ſome miſchief; for the ax is very ſharp. I ſhall draw blood: I ſhall not lay you ſo eaſily as Lucina would.

JUPITER.

Strike boldly, I tell you; I know the conſequence.

VULCAN.

I'll do it, though it is ſorely againſt my will; but what muſt not be done if you command it? Ha!

Ha! what's this? An armed virgin! a dreadful thing, indeed, you had in your head; well might you be angry with a live virgin in your brain, and in armour too; your's was * not a head, but the head-quarters.—She † dances the Pyrrhic dance too, ſhakes her ſpear, and ſeems inſpired; but which is moſt extraordinary, ſhe is exceſſively handſome, and ſeems already at years of maturity. She has blue eyes, and the helmet ſets her off to advantage. I intreat you, therefore, Jupiter, that you will reward your midwife, by giving me her hand.

JUPITER.

Vulcan, that cannot be, for ſhe is reſolved to live a virgin; however, you have my conſent.

VULCAN.

That is all I want; leave the reſt to me; I'll raviſh her immediately.

JUPITER.

If you think you can do it ſo eaſily, ſo you may; but I know beforehand, you have ſet your heart on what you never will enjoy.

* *Not a head, &c.*] Στρατοπεδον, ſays the original, ου κεφαλην εχων, caſtra, non caput, habuiſti. The tranſlation is not literal; but had Lucian wrote in Engliſh, he might perhaps have thus expreſſed himſelf.

† *She Dances.*] Πυῤῥιχιζει, ſays Lucian; dances the Pyrrhic dance, a martial dance, ſaid to be invented by Pyrrhus, the ſon of Achilles, at the funeral of his father; in which the dancers were armed from top to toe.

DIALOGUE VII.

JUPITER AND CUPID.

CUPID.

IF I have offended, Jupiter, forgive me; I am but a poor ſimple child.

JUPITER.

You a child, that are *older than Japetus! becauſe you have not a beard, and gray hairs, you would be thought a boy, as old and cunning as you are.

CUPID.

Old as I am, as you ſay, what injury have I done you, that you ſhould threaten to chain me?

JUPITER.

Why, you wicked rogue, conſider what you have done; have not you made a laughing-ſtock of me? have not you turned me into a ſatyr, a bull, a bit of gold, a ſwan, an eagle, and what not? but not a creature have you inſpired with the love of me, not even ſo much as my wife. I am forced to make uſe of ſtratagems to get poſſeſſion of them, and to diſguiſe myſelf: they are fond of the Bull, or the Swan, perhaps; but when I appear in my own ſhape, are ready to die with fear.

* *Older than Japetus.*] According to Heſiod (ſee this Theogony) Love was the oldeſt of all the Gods, ſprung from Chaos, and coeval with Earth and Heaven.

CUPID.

CUPID.

And well they may; mere mortals cannot bear the ſight of Jove.

JUPITER.

How can Apollo be ſo much beloved by Branchus, and Hyacinthus?

CUPID.

Daphne, however, ran away from him, though he had ſuch fine locks, and no beard; but if you want to be amiable, you muſt not ſhake your dreadful ægis, nor carry your thunder with you, but make yourſelf as agreeable as you can; let your hair down of each ſide, and tie it with a ribbon; wear a purple veſt, put on your gold ſandals, and walk in meaſured pace to the ſound of tabor and pipe: then will you be followed by the women, as Bacchus was by the Mænades, and have as many after you.

JUPITER.

Away with you; I would not wiſh to be loved on ſuch conditions.

CUPID.

Then you muſt not fall in love, Jupiter; that is eaſily ſettled.

JUPITER.

Not ſo neither; I muſt be in love, and happy in it, but at a cheaper rate; and on that account you are free.

DIALOGUE VIII.

DIOGENES AND HERCULES.

DIOGENES.

IS not this Hercules? By Hercules it is! his bow, his club, his lion's ſkin, his ſize, in ſhort, Hercules all over. Could he die, who was the ſon of Jupiter? Pray, inform me, my noble conqueror, are you really dead? For, upon earth, I ſacrificed to you as a God.

HERCULES.

And you were right in ſo doing: for Hercules himſelf is with the gods in heaven, and I am only his image.

DIOGENES.

How is that? the image of a god! and is it poſſible for any one to be half mortal, and half immortal?

HERCULES.

Certainly; for he did not die, but I, who am his *image.

* *His image.*] The ancients imagined that the ſouls, though freed from the body, had ſtill a vehicle, exactly reſembling the body; as the figure in a mould retains the reſemblance of the mould, when ſeparated from it: this vehicle was ſuppoſed to be leſs groſs than the mortal body, and leſs ſubtil than the ſoul; ſo that whatever wounds the outward body received, when living, were believed to affect the inward ſubſtance, and conſequently, might be viſible after ſeparation: this is the ſtrange and unintelligible notion which Lucian ridicules in the dialogue before us, as well as in many other parts of his works.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

I underſtand you now; he gave you up to Pluto, inſtead of himſelf, and ſo you died for him.

HERCULES.

Something like that.

DIOGENES.

How happened it that Æacus, who is a ſharp looker out, did not know you from him, but took in this ſham Hercules?

HERCULES.

Becauſe I am ſo like him.

DIOGENES.

So like, indeed, that you are the very perſon: I wiſh you are not the true Hercules yourſelf, and that it is your image that is wedded to Hebe in heaven.

HERCULES.

You are a ſaucy prater; and if you do not leave off ſneering at me, you ſhall ſee preſently whether I am an image of a god or not.

DIOGENES.

I ſee your bow is ready ſtretched; but what have I to fear from it, who am dead already? But, by this ſame Hercules, I beſeech you, tell me, whilſt he lived, were you with him as his image, or were you one and the ſame during life, and ſeparated after death, he flying off to heaven, and you his image, as became you, deſcending into hell?

HERCULES.

Such as ſeem reſolved to cavil and diſpute, deſerve

deſerve no anſwer, however, I will give you one; know then, all Amphitryon's part of Hercules, which part I am, died, and all Jupiter's is with the gods in heaven.

DIOGENES.

I apprehend you clearly: Alcmena brought forth two Hercules's at the ſame time, one by Amphitryon, and the other by Jupiter.

HERCULES.

No, fool; we are both one and the ſame.

DIOGENES.

It is paſt my comprehenſion how you can make two Hercules's, unleſs, like the Centaur, the man and god were joined together.

HERCULES.

Are not we all compounded of two parts, the ſoul and the body, why then ſhould not the ſoul which was from Jove, be in heaven, and I, the mortal part, here below?

DIOGENES.

True, my good ſon of Amphitryon, if you were a body; but you are only an incorporeal image. I am afraid, therefore, at laſt, you will make out a three-fold Hercules.

HERCULES.

How a three-fold one?

DIOGENES.

Why, thus; one, you know, is in heaven, you, the image, are here below, and your body reduced

to

to aſhes on mount Oeta; there are three of you; now find out a third father for your body.

HERCULES.

Thou art an impudent ſophiſt; who are you?

DIOGENES.

I am the image of Diogenes, the Sinopian. I do not converſe, indeed, with the immortal gods, but with the firſt quality amongſt the dead, and laugh at Homer and all ſuch idle ſtory-tellers.

THE

THE COCK AND THE COBLER;

Or, as it is alſo called for a very obvious Reaſon, the DREAM, *is one of* LUCIAN'S *moſt entertaining* Dialogues. *A Vein of eaſy Humor and Pleaſantry runs through that cannot fail to recommend it to every Reader of Taſte and Genius. The Author has made an excellent Uſe of the Pythagorean Doctrine of the* * *Tranſmigration of Souls, which is, indeed, a rich Fund for Ridicule, and a Kind of Hot-bed for the Productions of Fancy and Imagination amongſt both ancient and modern Writers.*

MICYLLUS, A COCK, AND SIMO.

MICYLLUS.

A PLAGUE on thee, thou vile abominable Cock, thou envious bawling creature, for waking me thus with thy ſhrill voice, from the ſweeteſt of all ſweet dreams, when I was in the midſt of riches, joy, and happineſs, the only time I have to ſhake off that worſe companion than

* There is a well written eſſay on this ſubject, in the periodical paper called THE WORLD, by the ingenious SOAME JENNINGS, Eſq. to which I refer my readers, as a proper commentation on this dialogue.

thyſelf,

thyſelf, my poverty: at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour too! For I know, by the dead ſilence that reigns, it muſt be mid-night; beſides, that I have not yet felt the pinching cold, which always gives me notice of approaching day; one would think that thou wert guardian of the golden fleece; ſuch a perpetual crowing doſt thou make from evening till now: but think not to paſs unpuniſhed; were I to get up in the dark, I ſhould have enough to do to find thee, but I will be revenged as ſoon as it is light, and belabour thee handſomely.

COCK.

Do not be angry, my good maſter, Micyllus: I thought I had done you a favour by calling you up in the night, as I know what a deal of buſineſs you have upon your hands: if you could have finiſhed one ſhoe before ſun-riſe, it might have got you ſomething for a breakfaſt: but if you chuſe to go to ſleep, I will be as mute as a fiſh; only take care, after all your rich dreams, you do not riſe up a beggar.

MICYLLUS.

O * wonder working Jupiter, and thou Apollo,

* *Wonder working.*] Greek τερασιε. The ancients gave their gods different epithets, in conſequence of the different functions aſſigned to them: thus Jupiter was call d ξενιος, the hoſpitable, φιλιος, the friendly, σκηπτυχος, the ſceptre-bearer, &c. Lucian here gives him the new name of τερασιος, prodigailis, or the wonder-worker; alluding to the extraordinary prodigy of a ſpeaking cock.

great averter of evil! what do I hear! a cock ſpeaking with a human voice.

COCK.

Is it ſo great a miracle that I ſhould ſpeak like you?

MICYLLUS.

That it is, indeed: heaven preſerve us from ill!

COCK.

You ſeem, my good maſter, to be very illiterate, and never to have read Homer, where † Xanthus, Achilles' horſe, takes his leave of neighing, and in the middle of the battle, talks away, not like me, in humble proſe, but repeats whole verſes, turns prophet, and foretels what is to come to paſs, and nobody wonders at it, calls upon heaven to avert the omen, or thinks there is any thing dreadful in it: what would you have ſaid if you had heard the ‡ ſhip of the Argonauts talk, or the oak of Dodona

† *Xanthus.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the latter end of the nineteenth book of the Iliad, where Achilles addreſſes his ponies.

Xanthus and Balius of Podarges' ſtrain.

The former anſwers him and foretels his death. Homer tells us, that Juno endowed him with the faculty of ſpeech on this occaſion, and the Furies took it away again immediately. Lucian, who never miſſes an opportunity of ridiculing Homer's ſpecioſa miracula, ſeizes on this to laugh at him for the improbability of this event. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 446.

‡ *ſhip.*] The famous ſhip, that carried Jaſon to Colchos in ſearch of the golden fleece, was ſaid to have been made out of the

dona prophecying, or the half-roaſted § oxen creeping about, and lowing upon the ſpit? beſides I am a companion of *Mercury's, that moſt talkative, moſt eloquent of all the deities, and have lived ſo long with you, that is no wonder I ſhould have learned your language; but, if you will promiſe me inviolable ſecrecy, I will tell you how it came to paſs that I am thus able to converſe with you.

MICYLLUS.

Surely this is all a dream, it can never be a Cock that is talking to me: but, by Mercury, I beſeech thee, explain it to me: you need not fear that I

the oaks of Dodona, ſacred to Jupiter, from which were delivered ſo many fine oracles: that theſe oaks were oracular, no orthodox heathen ever doubted; for the ſhip's ſpeaking, we have no authority but Lucian's.

§ *Oxen.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the Odyſſey, where the companions of Ulyſſes ſlew the oxen of the ſun, and moſt ſtrange prodigies enſued, for

—Heav'n gave ſigns of wrath—along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing ſound,
Roar'd the dead limbs, the burning entrails groan'd.
See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, b. xii. l. 464.

This fiction of Homer's is, to be ſure, a pretty bold one; Lucian has made the moſt of it, by telling us, that the oxen lowed upon the ſpit. The ridicule is at leaſt as ſtrong as the abſurdity.

* *Mercury's.*] Mercury is always repreſented with a cock cloſe to him, as an emblem of vigilance, he being conſidered as the moſt active and induſtrious of all the deities; he had, indeed, more buſineſs to do than any of them.

ſhould tell what you ſay, for, if I did who would believe me.

COCK.

Liſten then, and you ſhall hear; what I am going to ſay is, to be ſure, rather extraordinary: he who now appears before you as a cock, was, not long ſince, a man.

MICYLLUS.

I have formerly heard ſomething of this kind, that a young man of the name of † Gallus, was the companion and intimate friend of Mars, uſed to eat and drink with him, and be the confident in his amours: whenever the god went to Venus he carried Gallus along with him, and ſuſpecting that the Sun might reveal the affair to Vulcan, poſted the young man at the door to give him notice when Phœbus appeared; but Gallus, unfortunately betrayed his truſt, and fell aſleep; when the ſun came unexpectedly upon the lovers, who had relied upon the notice which the youth had promiſed to give them, and informed Vulcan of it, who ſeiſed upon, and bound them with the chains he had prepared. As ſoon as Mars got out he was highly enraged at Gallus, and turned him into a

† *Gallus.*] This is a curious fable, and if cloathed in a poetical dreſs, would have made no inconſiderable figure in Ovid's Metamorphoſes; it is a wonder, indeed, how, if the ſtory was generally known, it happened to eſcape him. A young bard, ambitious of ſhooting with the Ovidian bow, could not, perhaps, chooſe a more promiſing ſubject.

bird

bird of the ſame name, who bears a creſt on his forehead, inſtead of the helmet which he wore: for this reaſon we are told, you ſtill by way of excuſing yourſelf to Mars, though you can do no good by it, when you ſee the ſun riſing, always crow, to give notice of it.

COCK.

There is ſuch a ſtory; but mine is a different affair: it is but very lately that I have appeared as a cock.

MICYLLUS.

How happened it then? for I long to know.

COCK.

You have heard of Pythagoras, the Samian, the ſon of Mneſarchus?

MICYLLUS.

That proud Sophiſt, you mean, who made a law againſt * taſting fleſh, or eating beans, to me the

 ſweeteſt

* *Taſting fleſh.*] The Pythagoreans had a very good reaſon for abſtaining from fleſh, as they were perſuaded that the ſouls of men tranſmigrated into animals, birds, &c. and that eating, therefore, their fleſh, might be feeding on their own relations; as Ovid moſt charmingly and poetically expreſſes their ſentiments.

Nos quoque pars mundi (quoniam non corpora ſolum
Verum etiam volucres animæ fumus, inque ferinas
Poſſumus ire domos, pecudumque in pectora condi
Corpora, quæ poſſint animas habuiſſe parentum,
Aut fratrum, aut aliquo, junctorum fœdere nobis,
Aut hominum, certe, tuta eſſe & honeſta ſinamus:
Neve Thyeſteæis cumulemur viſcera menſis.

See

ſweeteſt food in the world, and the eaſieſt of digeſtion, and moreover, enjoined his followers not to converſe with one another for five years.

COCK.

You know likewiſe, I ſuppoſe, that Pythagoras was once * Euphorbus.

MICYLLUS.

I have heard he was a great impoſtor, and uſed to play tricks.

COCK.

Do not be abuſive, my good friend, for know I am that very Pythagoras: be quiet, therefore, till you ſee what ſort of a perſon I am.

MICYLLUS.

O heaven! this is more miraculous than ever, a philoſopher turned cock! But inform me, good ſon of Mneſarchus, how you came to be changed from a man into a bird, and inſtead of a † Samian, to be a ‡ Tanagræan; there is very little probabili-

See the fifteenth book of the Metamorphoſis, where the whole Pythagorean ſyſtem is beautifully explained and illuſtrated.

* *Euphorbus.*] Another Trojan, who had the honor of wounding Patroclus. See a deſcription of him in the ſixteenth book of the Iliad; he was afterwards ſlain by Menelaus. Concerning the tranſmigration, ſee Ovid,

Trojani tempore belli
Pantheïdes Euphorbus eram, &c.

Book xv. l. 160.

† *A Samian.*] Pythagoras was of Samos.

‡ *A Tanagræan.*] Tanagra, a town of Bœotia, on the Euripus, was famous, as well as Rhodes, for its excellent breed of game cocks. See L'Hiſt. des Inſcript. &c.

ty

ty in all this, eſpecially, when I perceive two things in you, that ſuit but ill with a Pythagoras.

COCK.

What are they?

MICYLLUS.

One is, that you are talkative and clamorous, whilſt he enjoyed a five years ſilence; and the other is directly contrary to his laws; for yeſterday, when I came home, I had nothing to give you but a few beans, which you devoured without ſcruple or heſitation: either therefore, you have told a falſehood, and muſt be ſomebody elſe, or, if you are Pythagoras, have violated your own command, and done as wicked a thing in eating beans, as if you had dined upon your father's head.

COCK.

You are unacquainted, Micyllus, with the reaſon of all this, and ſeem not to know what the different ſtations of life required. I eat no beans then, becauſe I was a philoſopher; but now I am a Cock, they are not forbidden. Attend now, and learn how from Pythagoras I came to be what I am, the various beings which I paſſed through, and what I ſuffered and enjoyed in each of them.

MICYLLUS.

Proceed, I beſeech you: it is impoſſible to ſay how much I long to hear it all: I do not know whether I ſhould not prefer it to the golden dream I juſt now waked from.

COCK.

COCK.

You dwell much upon this ſame dream, which has made a ſtrong impreſſion on you, and ſeem to recollect with pleaſure, the fleeting happineſs which it beſtowed.

MICYLLUS.

I ſhall never forget it: it has left behind a ſweet drowſineſs, that almoſt cloſes my eye-lids, and inclines me again to ſleep; it is like the tickling of a feather in one's ear, and has almoſt ſet me a madding.

COCK.

This muſt be a wonderful dream, indeed; I long to know what it was that could give you ſo much pleaſure.

MICYLLUS.

I will tell it you with all my heart, for nothing can be more pleaſing to me than the recollection of it; but when, good Pythagoras, will you entertain me with your transformations?

COCK.

When you have ſhaken the honey from your eye-brows, and left off dreaming: but, come, let us hear, that I may judge whether it came through the *horny gate, or the ivory one.

MI-

*Horny gate.] Homer, ſpeaking of dreams, tells us that,

Immur'd within the ſilent bow'r of ſleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep,
Of ev'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain,
Of winged lies, a light fantaſtic train;

The

MICYLLUS.

Neither.

COCK.

Homer tells us, there are but thoſe two.

MICYLLUS.

Away with your poet; he knows nothing of dreams: ſome of the poor ones, perhaps, which he ſaw but imperfectly, for, you know, he was blind, might perhaps come that way; but mine came through golden gates, it was cloathed in gold, all over gold, and let me tell you, brought a great deal of gold along with it.

COCK.

Talk not ſo goldenly, good Midas, for your dream is like his wiſh, made up of nothing but gold.

MICYLLUS.

O Pythagoras, what a quantity of it did I behold! ſo ſhining, and ſo beautiful; what is it that Pindar ſays in praiſe of it in the beginning of his fineſt ode, where he talks firſt of water? do you remember?

COCK.

The gate oppos'd, pelucid valves adorn,
And columns fair, incas'd with poliſh'd horn;
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.
See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, b. xix. l. 656.

This is a very indifferent tranſlation of the lines in Homer, but I have not time at preſent to give my readers a better. See alſo the latter end of the ſixth book of Virgil's Æneid.

COCK.

You mean this, I ſuppoſe:

* Chief of nature's works divine,
Water claims the higheſt praiſe;
Richeſt offspring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whoſe flaſhing rays,
From afar conſpicuous gleam,
Through the night's involving cloud,
Firſt in luſtre and eſteem,
Decks the treaſures of the proud.

MICYLLUS.

The ſame; one would think he had known my dream: and you, my moſt learned Cock, ſhall know it alſo; therefore liſt and hear it. Yeſterday, you may remember, I did not ſup at home, for the wealthy Eucrates laid hold on me in the market-place, and invited me to come from the bath at a certain hour to ſup with him.

COCK.

I remember it very well; for, after I had faſted all day, you came home a little boozy, and threw me down thoſe five beans; a poor ſupper enough for a cock that had been a combatant formerly, and gained no little glory at Olympus.

MICYLLUS.

When I returned from ſupper, after giving you

* *Chief of, &c.*] From the firſt Olymp. of Pinder. See Weſt's Tranſlation.

the

the beans, I went immediately to bed; then it was that, as Homer ſays,

As * I ſlumber'd in the ſhades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my ſight.

COCK.

Before you proceed, pray tell me about the ſupper, and what paſſed at your feaſt; I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould not make another dream of that, and eat your ſupper again in the relation of it.

MICYLLUS.

I was afraid of troubling you with the repetition, but if you deſire to have it, you ſhall; never did I dine with a great man before yeſterday, when my good fortune threw me in the way of Eucrates: after paying my compliments to him as uſual, I was going away, being afraid that a poor man with a tattered garment like me might diſgrace him; but he came up to me, and, "Micyllus, ſaid he, to-day I celebrate my daughter's birth-day, and have invited ſeveral of my friends; but as one of them is ill, and probably may not come, I ſhall expect you, after bathing, in his room: unleſs he ſhould happen to get better, which at preſent is very doubtful." As ſoon as I heard this, I paid my reſpects, and went off, not without imploring all

* *As I ſlumbered*, &c.] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ii. l. 71.

the

the gods to viſit with fever, pluriſy, or gout, the gueſt, whoſe place I was to ſupply. In the mean while, the time between that and the hour of bathing appeared an age to me, and often did I look to the dial with impatience to mark the approach of it; when at length the happy moment came; away I flew, having made my dreſs as decent as I could, and turned my coat, that the beſt ſide might appear outermoſt. At the door of the houſe, amongſt a number of viſitors, whom ſhould I meet but my rival, carried by four men upon a litter: I perceived plainly enough that he was very ill, for he groaned and coughed ſo terribly, that you could ſcarce go near him; pale as death, horribly ſwelled, and ſeemed to be at leaſt threeſcore. They told me, he was one of thoſe philoſophers who love to talk nonſenſe to young men. He had a beard like a goat's, that wanted trimming exceedingly. Archibius the Phyſician, chiding him for coming in this condition, "No man, ſays he, ſhould neglect his duty, eſpecially a philoſopher, though he laboured under a thouſand diſeaſes; Eucrates might have thought I ſlighted him." "So far from it, cried I, that he would rather thank you for ſtaying at home to die, than coming here to cough up your heart at a feaſt." He pretended, I ſuppoſe, from greatneſs of ſoul, not to hear this. Eucrates ſoon after came from bathing, and ſpying Theſmopolis, (for that was the name

name of our philoſopher,) "Maſter, ſays he, I am obliged to you for coming, but if you had not, you would have been no loſer, for I intended to have ſent you every thing to your own houſe." Saying this, he gave him his hand, and as he leaned upon the ſervants ſhoulders, helped him in. I therefore, made a motion to retire, when Eucrates ſeeing my piteous face, cried, "Come, come, Micyllus, you muſt ſtay and ſup with me; I will ſend my ſon to keep his mother company in the women's apartment, that there may be room for you." Accordingly in I went, though rather aſhamed that the young man ſhould be turned out for me. When ſupper time came, five luſty young fellows, with ſome difficulty, lifted the philoſopher to his place; and, becauſe nobody elſe choſe to ſit next him, I had the honour of being at the ſame table. The ſupper came, and a moſt noble one it was, with variety of dainties, in gold and ſilver diſhes; the cups were of gold; the attendants handſome, well-dreſſed, ſung well, and were facetious and entertaining; every thing, in ſhort, was delightful, except being placed cloſe to Theſmopolis, who teized me at the time with talking about virtue informing me, that two negatives made an affirmative; that when it was day, it was not night; that I had horns; with fifty other diſcoveries of this kind, being reſolved to teach me philoſophy whether I would or no, prating perpetually to me, ſo that I could not partake of the mirth and feſti-

vity going forward, or attend to the ſinging and playing. Such, my good Pythagoras, was our ſupper.

COCK.

And none of the moſt pleaſant, I find, on account of that old fool, who ſpoiled your entertainment.

MICYLLUS.

And now you ſhall hear my dream: I thought that Eucrates, who, heaven knows how it came about, had no child, in his laſt moments called me to him, made me heir at law to all he had, and ſoon after died. The eſtate came to me, and whole veſſels of gold and ſilver flowed in, beſides rich garments, cups, and ſervants; every thing, in ſhort, was mine: that I lay ſtretched at my eaſe in a fine chariot, the envy and admiration of all that paſſed by, crowds running before and behind me. Methought I had all his cloaths, and fine rings, that fitted my fingers wonderfully. Then did I invite my friends to a ſplendid entertainment, and they all, (which in a dream, you know, is very eaſily done,) came immediately. Supper was now over, and we were putting about the ſocial cup, when you, with your unſeaſonable crowing, broke in upon our feaſt, overturned my tables, and, in a moment, gave all my riches to the winds. Have I not reaſon, then, to be angry with you, for diſturbing me thus out of a dream, which I ſhould not have

have thought too long, if it had laſted for three nights together?

COCK.

Are you then, Micyllus, ſo fond of money, and do you think happineſs conſiſts in riches?

MICYLLUS.

That is, indeed, my opinion; and not mine alone, for you yourſelf, my good friend, when you figured in the character of Euphorbus, if I am not miſtaken, * tied up gold and ſilver in your hair, when you went out to fight the Grecians, when one would have thought you had more need of ſteel; but you choſe to adorn your locks with gold, and for that reaſon, I ſuppoſe, Homer compares them to the Graces; and, to be ſure, it muſt have made them much more ſhining and beautiful. The ſon of Panthus, indeed, might well hold gold in ſuch eſteem, ſince the father of gods and men, the ſon of Saturn and Rhea, when he fell in love with the charming girl of Argos, could think of no form ſo amiable, or ſo able to † corrupt her keeper

* *Tied up.*] Alluding to Homer's lines on the death of Euphorbus, where he tells us,

The ſhining circles of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear;
Inſtarr'd with gems of gold, beſtrow'd the ſhore.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xvii. l. 53.

† *Corrupt.*] This explains the fable at once in the moſt rational manner; Danae's father had locked her up in the tower,

as this; he changed himſelf, therefore, as you muſt have heard, into a ſhower of gold, ſlid through the tiles, and got poſſeſſion of her. Need I ſay more in praiſe of it! what, and how many good things does it produce? doth it not make men handſome, wiſe, and brave, and bring them honour and glory? doth it not from meanneſs and obſcurity, raiſe them in a moment to fame and ſplendour? You knew my neighbour Simo, a brother cobler; it is not long ſince he ſupped here with me at the Saturnalia, when I gave him a little wheat pottage.

COCK.

I remember him, the little ſhort hook-noſed fellow, that ſtole the only earthen pan we had left, and hid it under his coat that very night, for I ſaw him.

MICYLLUS.

How did he perjure himſelf about it! but why did not you tell me of this, why did not you make a noiſe then, when you ſaw me robbed?

COCK.

I did crow, which was all I could do. But what of this Simo? You were going to tell me ſomething about him.

MICYLLUS.

He had a rich couſin whoſe name was Diphilus, and who never, whilſt he lived, would beſtow a

tower, her lover bribes the keeper, and gets poſſeſſion of her. Such was moſt probably the fact, the reſt of the ſtory is all poetical fiction.

farthing

farthing on him; nor was it to be expected, for he never ſpent any thing even upon himſelf. When he died, however, this Simo, with his tattered coat, he that ſtole my pan, inherited all his eſtate, and immediately became a great man, appeared in his purple and ſcarlet, had his ſlaves, his chariot and horſes, gold cups, tables with ivory feet; was, in ſhort, ſo flattered and worſhipped, that he ſoon forgot me: when I met him the other day, I ſaluted him with, "Your ſervant, Simo;" when he put himſelf into a violent paſſion, and cried out, "Tell that beggar not to clip my name ſo, I am not called Simo now, but Simonides." But what is moſt extraordinary is, the women are fond of him; he gives himſelf airs, pretends to be coy, admits ſome to his favour; whilſt others threaten to deſtroy themſelves, if he will not take notice of them. You ſee what gold can do, that makes the crooked ſtraight, the ugly handſome, that, like the poetical Cæſtus, beſtows grace and beauty. Hear how the poets praiſe it,

* O gold, thou beſt and greateſt good on earth.

And again,

Gold rules o'er human things with ſov'reign ſway.

What do you ſmile at?

COCK.

To ſee you, like the reſt of the multitude, ſo deceived and miſtaken in your notions of the rich

* *O gold, &c.*] From a fragment of Euripides.

and great, who are much more miſerable than yourſelves; this I can aſſure you of, who have been rich and poor, and therefore know both conditions by experience; you ſhall know by and by every particular.

MICYLLUS.

And ſo I will, by Jove: for now it is your turn to ſpeak, to tell me what forms you were changed into, and all that you can recollect which paſſed in each of them.

COCK.

Liſten then, and you ſhall hear; but before I begin, let me aſſure you that I never yet met with any body who lived more happily than you do.

MICYLLUS.

Than me? may you be juſt as happy then! for now you really make me angry. But come, begin with Euphorbus; tell me how you were transformed into Pythagoras, and ſo on, down to your preſent appearance as a Cock: you muſt have ſeen and ſuffered a great deal in ſo many different lives.

COCK.

How this ſoul of mine, which came originally from * Apollo, flew down to earth, and got into

* *From Apollo.*] Pythagoras, who, like other ſyſtem-mongers, was ambitious of appearing as ſomething ſupernatural and divine, endeavoured to perſuade the populace that he was Apollo, who had deſcended to earth, to reform and inſtruct mankind. See Porphyry and Jamblichus.

a human

a human body, as a puniſhment for its crimes, it would be tedious to recount; beſides theſe are things which it is neither lawful for me to tell, or you to hear. When, therefore, I came to be Euphorbus.——

MICYLLUS.

Tell me firſt, my miraculous friend, who I was formerly; was I transformed like you?

COCK.

Certainly.

MICYLLUS.

Who was I then? can you tell me? for I long to know.

COCK.

You were an † Indian piſmire, one of thoſe that dig up the gold duſt.

MICYLLUS.

Why was I ſo idle then, as not to pick up a few grains for myſelf, and bring them into this life of mine, where I want them ſo much: but what ſhall I be hereafter? tell me that, if it is any thing good,

† *Indian piſmire.*] It is well known that piſmires, in digging for a place to depoſit their eggs, throw up little heaps of earth; it is not improbable, therefore, but that they might, as the ancients believed, give men the firſt intelligence of thoſe places where gold was to be found, by caſting out ſome of the duſt, and thus informing them where they were to dig for it.

Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis. Proper.

The Cock, by telling Micyllus he had been an Indian piſmire, only means to reflect on his avaricious temper.

I will

I will hang myſelf immediately on the poſt you are perched upon.

COCK.

The future we know nothing of; but to go on with my ſtory: when I was Euphorbus, I fought at Troy, and was killed by Menelaus; after which I was transformed into Pythagoras; but ſome time intervened, during which I remained without a manſion, till * Mneſarchus thought fit to prepare me one.

MICYLLUS.

And were you all that time without meat or drink?

COCK.

When I had no body, I did not want either.

MICYLLUS.

But pray, inform me, was the Trojan war juſt as Homer repreſents it?

COCK.

How ſhould he know any thing of the matter, when he was himſelf at that time a camel in Bactria: I can only aſſure you, things were not ſo wonderful and extraordinary as he makes them, nor was Ajax ſo big, or Helen ſo handſome as it is generally ſuppoſed they were. I ſaw her myſelf; ſhe had a long white neck, indeed, to mark her deſcent from a † ſwan, but as to any thing elſe, ap-

* *Mneſarchus.*] The father of Pythagoras.

† *A ſwan.*] Helen was the daughter of Jupiter, by Leda, whom, the poets tell us, he courted in the ſhape of a ſwan.

peared

peared then, as old as Hecuba: Theſus had her firſt, who lived with Hercules, and Hercules had taken Troy long before, in the time of our forefathers. Panthus told me this, who, when he was a boy, had ſeen Hercules.

MICYLLUS.

And was Achilles ſuch a great man as the poet ſays he was, or is that another of his fictions?

COCK.

With him I had no buſineſs, nor can I tell you any thing about the Greeks, as I was on the other ſide: all I know is, it coſt me but little trouble to kill his friend Patroclus.

MICYLLUS.

And Menelaus ſtill leſs to make an end of you: but we have had enough of this; tell me now about Pythagoras.

COCK.

Upon the whole, for I muſt confeſs the truth to you, I was little better than a Sophiſt, though by no means illiterate, or unacquainted with true wiſdom and knowledge. I travelled into Ægypt, to learn theſe from their ſages and prophets, was admitted into their temples, and ſtudied their works of Orus and Iſis; then returned to Italy, and there ſo poſſeſſed the Grecians with the notions of my ſagacity, that they almoſt worſhipped me as a god.

MICYLLUS.

So I have heard you made them believe that you roſe

roſe from the dead, and ſhewed them a * golden thigh; but how came it into your head to make laws about fleſh, and forbid the eating of † beans?

COCK.

You muſt not aſk me.

MICYLLUS.

Why ſo?

COCK.

Becauſe I am really aſhamed to tell you the truth.

MICYLLUS.

O, but to an intimate friend, like me, for as to a maſter, I no longer think myſelf ſo.

COCK.

It was then, not becauſe I thought there was any

* *Golden thigh.*] Porphyry tells us (credat Judæus), that at the public ſolemnity of the Olympic games, Pythagoras ſtood up and ſhewed to all the people his golden thigh, as he did in private to Abaris, to confirm him in the opinion that he was Hyperborean Apollo; Abaris, we are to obſerve, was Apollo's chief prieſt.

† *Beans.*] Pythagoras, ſeeing one day an ox in a paſture at Tarentum, who had ſo little regard to his precepts as to eat green beans, deſired the maſter of the ox to diſſuade him from ſuch indecency, but the neat-herd, informing him that he really could not ſpeak the language of oxen, the philoſopher himſelf ſtepped up to the beaſt, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear, after which time the ox never touched a bean, lived many years in a field near Juno's temple, and was called the ſacred ox.

This ſtory is very gravely told by Porphyry and Jamblichus.

thing

thing very wiſe or uſeful in them, but that I ſoon found, if I had given them nothing but old * common laws, which they were uſed to, men would never hold me in admiration, and that the more ſtrange I made them, the more ſingular and extraordinary I ſhould appear: I inſtituted, therefore, ſomething new and uncommon, pretending that there was a ſecret reaſon for it, that ſome gueſſing one, and ſome another, all might be ſtruck with admiration, as they are at an ambiguous oracle.

MICYLLUS.

Look you there; and ſo now you laugh at me, as you did at the Crotonians, the Metapontians, the Tarentines, and the reſt of the poor deluded people, who followed you in ſilence, and adored the very ground you trod upon. But when you had ſhook off the form of Pythagoras, what did you put on next?

COCK.

I was then changed into Aſpaſia, the famous Mileſian courtezan.

MICYLLUS.

Heaven bleſs us! what! Pythagoras turned into a woman! And was there a time, my moſt noble cock, when you laid eggs? You were Pericles's

* *Common, &c.*] The obſervation here made is excellent, and the practice founded on it has been adopted by every modern impoſtor, from the prophet Mahomet down to parſon Whitefield, &c. &c. &c.

miſtreſs

miſtreſs then, I ſuppoſe, and had children by him, played the diſtaff ſometimes, and, moreover, had another trade beſides.

COCK.

All that I certainly did, and ſo did * Tireſias, before me and † Ceneus alſo: your ridicule therefore will fall upon them as well as me.

MICYLLUS.

But pray, tell me, which ſex did you like beſt?

COCK.

It is not a fair queſtion: you know what the anſwer to ſuch a one coſt Tireſias.

MICYLLUS.

If you will not tell me, Euripides will, who has decided that point long ago, where he ſays,

‡ Thrice would I rather brave th' enſanguin'd field,
And all its terrors, than once bear the pangs
Of labour.———

* *Tireſias.*] Heſiod tells us that Tireſias met with two ſerpents on mount Gyllene, which he trod upon, and was immediately turned into a woman, and that, ſome years afterwards he lit on the ſame ſerpents, in the ſame place, and was turned into a man again.

† *Ceneus.*] Was one of the Lapithæ, who fought againſt the Centaurs: he was born a girl, and, being very beautiful, raviſhed by Neptune, who, to make her amends, promiſed to grant her any favour ſhe aſked: ſhe deſired, to avoid future inconveniencies, that her ſex might be changed. The favour was granted, and ſhe figured as a man and a warrior for the remainder of her life. Nunc vir, nunc fœmina Ceneus.

‡ *Thrice wou'd I, &c.*] From the Medea of Euripides.

COCK.

COCK.

Which you may one day ſuffer yourſelf; for in the round of various beings you will paſs through, you may often be a woman.

MICYLLUS.

* You think we are all Samians and Mileſians; and when you were Pythagoras, you were ſo handſome, that the † tyrant, they ſay, miſtook you for an Aſpacia. But what were you next?

COCK.

Crates, the Cynic.

MICYLLUS.

O Gemini! what a change! from a whore to a philoſopher!

COCK.

After that I was a king, then a beggar, a ſatrap, a horſe, a jack-daw, and an hundred other things, which it would be too tedious to enumerate; laſtly I often took the form of a cock, which I am very fond of, and in that ſhape have lived with many kings, with rich men, and poor men, and now have the honour to ſerve you, and to laugh at you for complaining of poverty, and admiring the rich, little conſidering how miſerable they are: for if you knew what they ſuffered, you would deſpiſe yourſelf for entertaining ſo high an opinion of them.

* *You think, &c.*] i. e. You think you can perſuade me to believe any thing you ſay, be it ever ſo improbable, as, when you were Pythagoras, you did the Samians and Mileſians.

† *The tyrant.*] Polycrates, in whoſe time Pythagoras flouriſhed.

MICYLLUS.

My good Pythagoras, then or by whatever name you would be called—

COCK.

No matter whether it be Pythagoras, Euphorbus, Crates, or Aſpaſia; for I am all of them; call me, however, what I am, a Cock, and no contemptable bird, ſeeing that I have ſuch a number of ſouls in me.

MICYLLUS.

Since then, my good Cock, you have experienced all kinds of lives, tell me truly and exactly how the rich live, and how the poor, that I may judge whether you ſpeak truth, when you ſay the latter are ſo much the happieſt.

COCK.

Conſider the affair then in this light: when an enemy invades your country, you have no concern about the war; you never care whether they break down the fences, ſpoil the gardens, or cut off the vines: if you hear the trumpet, all you have to do is to provide for yourſelf, avoid the danger and conſult your own ſafety; whilſt the rich are not only afraid for themſelves, but are wretched when they ſee from the walls their fields and houſes torn to pieces and deſtroyed: if a tax is to be raiſed, they only are called upon; if a ſally is to be made with the horſe, or the whole army, they are firſt expoſed to danger: you, in the mean time, with your wicker ſhield, can get off eaſier in a retreat,

or in caſe of victory, are ready to partake in the triumph, to join in the feaſt, when the general offers up his ſacrifice of thankſgiving: in peace alſo, you common people get up into the aſſembly, and abuſe your betters, whilſt they are frightened out of their wits, and glad to ſilence you by baths, ſports, public ſpectacles, and bribes of every kind; you, in the mean time, either cenſuring them with ſeverity, or not deigning to ſpeak to them at all; ſometimes you will even ſtone them to death, and confiſcate their goods and chattels. You fear neither informers nor thieves, are under no apprehenſions that your houſe will be broken open, or robbed; you have no trouble in getting in your debt, no diſhoneſt ſtewards to contend with, no care, in ſhort, or anxiety; nothing to do but, when your ſhew is finiſhed, to receive your ſeven oboli for it; in the evening to bathe, if you pleaſe, take your ſprat, or herring, and an onion top, and enjoy yourſelf, ſing, like a true philoſopher; bleſſed with poverty and eaſe. This it is which makes you ſo healthy, ſo robuſt, and able to bear the cold; continual exerciſe and labour ſharpen you, and give you the advantage over others; no diſorder dares to attack you, or, if at any time, a ſlight fever lays hold on you, abſtinence, thanks to your poverty, ſoon carries it off; it durſt not appear when it ſees you drinking water, and ſetting the doctor's preſcriptions at defiance. In the mean time what a croud of diſtempers ſeize on the rich! gouts, con-

ſumptions, inflammations of the lungs, dropſies; all from intemperance, all the genuine offspring of their grand ſuppers: like Icarus, when they have raiſed themſelves to the greateſt height, and juſt touch the ſun, forgetting that their wings are glued on with wax, down they drop into the ſea: whilſt thoſe who like Dædalus, ſoar not on high, but ſkim along cloſe to the earth, and keep their wax wet with the vapours of the ocean, fly with ſafety.

MICYLLUS.

The prudent and temperate, you mean.

COCK.

Yes: and what a wreck the other makes of fame and fortune! witneſs Crœſus on the funeral pile, the jeſt of his whole kingdom; and Dionyſius, the great tyrant, turned ſchool-maſter at Corinth, and after ruling a mighty empire, teaching children to * make ſyllables.

MICYLLUS.

When you reigned yourſelf, for it ſeems you have been a king too, how did you find it, when you had got to this ſummit of human felicity?

COCK.

Do not put me in mind of it I beſeech you; for, with all the external marks of happineſs which you talk of, I was the moſt miſerable of men.

* *Make ſyllables.*] It is reported of Dionyſius the tyrant of Corinth, that after quitting the throne, he turned ſchool-maſter; in which of the two conditions he ſuffered moſt, it is perhaps very difficult to determine.

MICYLLUS.

How ſo? you aſtoniſh me.

COCK.

I was ſovereign of a large and fertile kingdom, adorned with a number of beautiful cities, well-peopled, and full of rivers, ports, and harbours; had a numerous army, ſhipping, ſtores of every kind, quantities of gold and ſilver, with all the pomp and parade of a great and mighty empire. Whenever I went abroad, the multitude thronged round to have a look at me, got upon the tops of houſes to ſee my chariot, robe, and diadem, ran before and behind, and, in ſhort, worſhipped me like a god. I, in the mean time, conſcious of my own unhappineſs, pitied their ignorance, and lamented my condition; comparing myſelf to the great ſtatues of Myro, Phidias, and Praxiteles; on the outſide you ſee a beautiful Neptune, or Jupiter, adorned with ivory or gold; one has a trident in his hand, and the other is darting a thunder-bolt: but within it is filled with old wood, nails, wedges, mire, pitch, and every thing that is filthy; not to mention a whole race of mice or weazels, that have eſtabliſhed a little colony in the bowels of it. Such, my friend, is a kingdom.

MICYLLUS.

But you have not yet told me what the old wood, and nails, and dirt, and mire, and weazels of your kingdom are; to be gazed at, followed and adored, is the outſide of the ſtatue; now give us the in.

COCK.

I know not where to begin, nor how to deſcribe to you the fears, the uneaſineſs, the hatred, jealouſy and plots we are liable to; the little ſleep we take, and that neither deep nor eaſy; but diſturbed by horrible dreams, and perpetual terrors: add to this, the hurry of buſineſs, and conſtant attention, anſwering embaſſies, making treaties, planning expeditions, with a thouſand other things that prevent our enjoying any pleaſure, oblige us to act and think, and ſpeak for all, and ſubject us to innumerable cares, and eternal diſquietude. Remember what Homer ſays,

* The king alone with various thoughts oppreſs'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.

and this, while the Greeks were all ſnoring. A dumb ſow made Crœſus miſerable; and how did † Clearchus uſe Xerxes, by leading a foreign army in favour of Cyrus! Dionyſius afflicted another by holding conference with ſome of the Syracuſans; ‡ Alexander was jealous of Parmenio; Ptolemy envied Perdiccas, and Seleucus Ptolemy; then how unhappy is the Prince, if his miſtreſs is not fond of him, or, perhaps, loves ſomebody elſe; if

* *The king alone, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. x. l. 13.

† *Clearchus.*] See Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thouſand.

‡ *Alexander.*] See Quintus Curtius.

he

he hears that ſome of his courtiers have deſerted him, or ſee two or three of his dependants whiſpering together! but what is ſtill worſe, they are always ſuſpecting their deareſt friends, and in dread of being betrayed by them; for ſometimes one is poiſoned by his ſon, another by his miſtreſs, another——

MICYLLUS.

O no more of it, for heaven's ſake, all this is terrible indeed; it is better, I find, to break one's back with mending ſhoes, than to drink hemlock and aconite out of a golden cup. If my knife ſlips, the worſt that can happen is, I may chance to cut my finger; whilſt they, according to your account, every time they eat, run the hazard of their lives, beſides a thouſand other misfortunes: when they fall, they are like the tragedy actors, your Cecrops's, Siſyphus's, and Telephus's, with their fine diadems, ivory hilted ſwords, and embroidered robes; if their foot ſlips, and they fall down upon the ſtage, the audience laugh at them, to ſee their crowns cracked, their maſks broke, their heads ſtreaming with blood, and eſpecially if their legs appear naked, their own tattered garments are expoſed, and the buſk, in coming off, ſhews how ill it ſuited the foot that wore it. You ſee, my friend Cock, you have taught me to make ſimilies; but tell me now, when you were a dog, a horſe, a fiſh, or a frog, how did you like the transformation?

COCK.

COCK.

To tell you all this, would take up too much time, and is, beſides, foreign to our preſent purpoſe; ſuffice it to ſay, that upon the whole, every one of thoſe lives is much more quiet and agreeable than that of men, as their deſires are confined within the bounds of nature. Amongſt them, you never hear of an uſurious horſe, a back-biting frog, a ſophiſtical jay, a pimping cock, or any of thoſe vicious and abandoned characters, ſo common amongſt you.

MICYLLUS.

That I am afraid is but too true. My own weakneſs, I will fairly confeſs to you; never have I yet been able to ſhake off that deſire of growing rich, which I have had from a boy: the dream is ſtill before my eyes, and the gold that I ſaw in it; I am vexed above all, at that raſcal Simo, who lives in ſuch ſplendour.

COCK.

I will cure you of that preſently: come, it is dark yet, get up and follow me; I will carry you to that very Simo, and to the houſes of ſome more rich men, that you may judge of their condition.

MICYLLUS.

How are we to do that, when the doors are ſhut; muſt I break through the walls?

COCK.

By no means; but Mercury, one of whoſe prieſts I am, has granted me this privilege; let but any one

one take hold of the long feather in my tail, which, you may obſerve, is bent a little—

MICYLLUS.

You have two of them.

COCK.

That I mean on your right hand; if I give it to any body, he * can open every door with it, can ſee every thing, and not be ſeen.

MICYLLUS.

I did not know before, my good Cock, that you were a conjurer, give me the feather, however, and I will ſoon bring maſter Simo's treaſures here, and reduce him to his old trade of a cobler.

COCK.

That would not be quite fair; beſides that Mercury has enjoined me, if he whom I lend the feather to, does any ſuch thing, to crow, and raiſe the houſe upon him.

MICYLLUS.

It is ſcarce probable that Mercury, who is a thief himſelf, ſhould be thus ſevere againſt thieves: let us go, however, I will keep my hands off from the gold if I can.

* *Can open.*] This circumſtance of the Cock's feather is whimſical and ingenious. Le Sage ſeems to have had it in his eye in his Diable Boiteux, where he makes uſe of a ſimilar contrivance. Perhaps, indeed, the whole nocturnal expedition in that excellent romance, may owe its riſe to the hint here given by Lucian.

COCK.

Firſt pluck out the feather: how is this! you have got them both.

MICYLLUS.

We ſhall be ſo much the more ſafe; beſides, you look better now, if I had taken but one, you would have hopped on the other ſide.

COCK.

Well! be it ſo: ſhall we go to Simo firſt, or ſome other rich fellow?

MICYLLUS.

O by all means to Simo, the * four-ſyllable gentleman, and here we are at his door: what ſhall I do now?

COCK.

Put the feather in at the key-hole.

MICYLLUS.

There. O Hercules, the door is open as if I had unlocked it.

COCK.

Go on; yonder he is, don't you ſee him there upon the watch, and caſting up his accounts?

MICYLLUS.

Yes now I ſee him ſitting by a dim lamp with ſcarce any oil in it: he looks very pale and wan, eat up, I ſuppoſe, with care, for I never heard of his being ill.

* *Four ſyllable.*] Alluding to the changing of his name from Simo to Simonides, mentioned a little before.

COCK.

COCK.

Huſh: let us liſten a little, and we ſhall know what is the matter with him.

SIMO.

So: theſe ſeventy talents I have ſtowed ſafely under the bed, and nobody by; but the other ſixteen, I am afraid, Soſylus the groom ſaw me hide below the manger; that fellow is always about the ſtable, which he never uſed to be, for he does not love work. I am ſure I have been robbed of a great deal more than this; elſe, how could Tibius get ſo much good ſalt-fiſh for dinner yeſterday? I am told, too, that he bought an ear-ring for his wife that coſt five drachmas; theſe wretches ſpend all my ſubſtance to ſupport their luxury and extravagance. I wiſh ſomebody does not undermine the wall, and ſteal my money; there are a great many envious rogues that lay wait for me, particularly my neighbour Micyllus.

MICYLLUS.

What, you think I am like yourſelf, and have got one of your * pans under my coat.

COCK.

Softly, Micyllus, or we ſhall be caught preſently.

SIMO.

I had better not venture to go to ſleep: I will get up and look all over the houſe. Who's there? aye,

* *Pans.*] Alluding to Simo's having ſtolen one of the Cobler's pans, as mentioned in the beginning of this dialogue.

I ſee

I ſee you digging under the wall; O, it is only the pillar, all is ſafe. Stay, I will count my gold over again, perhaps I may have made a miſtake. Hark! another noiſe; I am beſieged; there is a conſpiracy againſt me; where is my dagger? if I catch them —I will e'en bury my gold again.

COCK.

You ſee what a condition Simo is in: but come, the night is not yet ſpent; let us go to ſomebody elſe.

MICYLLUS.

Poor wretch, what a life does he lead! thus may my worſt of foes grow rich! let us give him a ſlap on the face, and go off.

SIMO.

Who is this that ſtrikes me? thieves, thieves, I am ruined and undone.

MICYLLUS.

Aye, aye, watch and weep; fret 'till you look as yellow as the gold you hang over. Now, ſuppoſe we make a viſit to Gnipho the uſurer, he lives but juſt by, ſee, the door is open.

COCK.

Look, there he is, telling his ill gotten riches upon his fingers, ſhrivelled up with care; ſoon muſt he leave all this to become a gnat, a moth, or a fly.

MICYLLUS.

I ſee the poor wretch; he lives a worſe life now than either of them; his calculations have worn him to nothing. Let us go ſomewhere elſe.

COCK.

COCK.

To Eucrates, if you will; and look, the door is open. Let us go in.

MICYLLUS.

* All that was mine but a little while ago.

COCK.

What! ſtill dreaming of your riches! there is Eucrates in bed with one of his ſervants, an old fellow too.

MICYLLUS.

I behold a ſcene of luſt and debauchery; in another bed is his wife diverting herſelf with the cock.

COCK.

And now, Micyllus, would you wiſh to inherit every thing that belonged to Eucrates; vices, diſtempers, and all together?

MICYLLUS.

No; I had rather ſtarve: farewell to gold and luxury. Sooner would I wiſh, that I had but two oboli in the world, than have my walls undermined by a parcel of raſcally ſervants.

COCK.

Come, it is almoſt morning, let us go home; you ſhall ſee more of this another time.

* *All that, &c.*] Alluding to Micyllus's dream, as above.

THE

SALE OF PHILOSOPHERS.

A DIALOGUE.

The Title of this Dialogue *in the Original is* Βιων Πρασις, *which Tranſlators have interpreted,* VITARUM AUCTIO, *or, the* AUCTION OF LIVES: *but where there is no Bidding one upon another, we cannot, with any Propriety, call it an* Auction: *we have, indeed, no Authority to ſuppoſe the Ancients acquainted with this Method of ſelling Goods, at leaſt, according to our modern Idea of it; I have therefore called it, what it certainly is,* THE SALE OF PHILOSOPHERS, *whom* LUCIAN *thinks proper to put up, as ſo many Slaves, in the Market-Place. The abſurd Tenets, Modes, and Principles of every Sect are here expoſed with infinite Humour. It may not be improper to obſerve, that throughout this* Dialogue, *by the* Life *of the Philoſopher (a peculiar mode of Expreſſion) is underſtood, the Philoſopher himſelf.*

JUPI-

JUPITER.

PREPARE the ſeats there, and get the place ready for the company; bring out the goods in order, but bruſh them up firſt, that they may appear handſome, and invite cuſtomers to purchaſe them. You, Mercury, muſt be crier, and give notice to the buyers to aſſemble at the place of ſale: we intend to ſell philoſophers of every ſect and denomination whatſoever: if they cannot pay ready money for them, they may give ſecurity, and we will truſt them till next year.

MERCURY.

A large croud is already aſſembled: we muſt have no delay.

JUPITER.

Begin the ſale then.

MERCURY.

Who ſhall we put up firſt?

JUPITER.

This Ionian, with the * long hair; he ſeems to be a reſpectable perſonage.

MERCURY.

You, Pythagoras, come down here, and ſhew yourſelf to the company.

JUPITER.

Now cry him.

* *Long hair.*] Pythagoras. Iamblichus calls him, Ὁ ἐν Σάμῳ Κομήτης, the Samian with the long hair. See alſo Diogenes Laertius.

MERCURY.

Here, gentlemen, I preſent you with the beſt and moſt venerable of the whole profeſſion. Who bids for him! Which of you wiſhes to be more than man? Which of you would be acquainted with the † harmony of the univerſe, and deſire to live a ſecond time in the world?

† *Harmony of the univerſe, &c.*] Pythagoras aſſerted that the world was made according to muſical proportion; and that the ſeven planets, betwixt heaven and the earth, which govern the nativities of mortals, have an harmonious motion, and intervals correſpondent to muſical diatonics, rendering various ſounds according to their ſeveral heights, ſo conſonant as to make the ſweeteſt melody, or what we call the harmony of the ſpheres. He likewiſe told us, which we may believe or not as we think proper, how many ſtadia there are betwixt the earth and every ſtar; from the earth to the moon is 12600 ſtadia, and that diſtance, according to muſical proportion, is a tone; from the moon to Mercury, half as much, or a hemitone; from thence to Phoſphorus (the ſtar Venus,) another hemitone; from thence to the ſun, a tone and a half; thus the ſun is diſtant from the earth, three tones and a half, or diapente; from the moon, two and a half, or diateſſaron; from the ſun to Mars, one tone, from thence to Jupiter, a hemitone; from thence to the higheſt heaven, another hemitone; from heaven to the ſun, diateſſaron; and from heaven to the top of the earth, ſix tones, or a diapaſon concord: he referred, moreover, to other ſtars, many things which the ancient muſicians treat of, and held that all the world was enharmonic. See Stanley's Life of Pythagoras.

BIDDER.

BIDDER.

The appearance of him is not amiſs; but what is his principal ſkill in?

MERCURY.

Arithmetic, aſtronomy, prognoſtics, geometry, muſic, enchantment; a tip-top prophet, I aſſure you.

BIDDER.

May I aſk him a few queſtions?

MERCURY.

Aſk him, and welcome.

BIDDER.

What countryman are you?

PYTHAGORAS.

A Samian.

BIDDER.

Where were you educated?

PYTHAGORAS.

In Ægypt, amongſt the wiſe men there.

BIDDER.

Well, and if I buy you, what will you teach me?

PYTHAGORAS.

I ſhall teach you nothing, but recall things to your memory.

BIDDER.

How will you do that?

PYTHAGORAS.

By firſt purifying your ſoul, and waſhing away the unclean parts of it.

BIDDER.

But ſuppoſe it is purified already, how are you to recall the memory?

PYTHAGORAS.

Firſt, by long repoſe, ſilence, and ſaying nothing for * five whole years.

BIDDER.

This may be good inſtruction for the † ſon of Croeſus; but I want to talk, and not be a ſtatue. And, after this five years ſilence, what is to be done next?

PYTHAGORAS.

You will be exerciſed in muſic and geometry.

* *For five whole years.*] The injunction of five years ſilence, ſaid to be laid by Pythagoras on all his diſciples, probably meant no more than a prohibition from attempting to teach or inſtruct others, till they had ſpent that portion of time in fully acquainting themſelves with every part of his doctrine; an injunction very proper in every age, and which would not be unſerviceable in our own, by preventing many of our raw young divines from expoſing themſelves in the pulpit, before they have read their Greek Teſtament.

† *Son of Croeſus.*] This alludes to the following ſtory. The ſon of Croeſus, King of Lydia, who was born dumb, and had continued ſo to the age of maturity, attending his father to battle, ſaw a ſoldier, in the heat of the engagement, lifting up his ſword over the head of Croeſus; the apprehenſion of a father's imminent danger worked ſo powerfully on the mind of an affectionate child as on a ſudden to looſen his tongue, which had been tied up for ſo many years, and he cried out immediately, "Soldier, do not kill Croeſus."

BIDDER.

An excellent method, indeed; ſo we muſt be fidlers firſt before we can be wiſe men.

PYTHAGORAS.

Then you muſt learn figures.

BIDDER.

I can count already.

PYTHAGORAS.

How do you count?

BIDDER.

One, two, three, four——

PYTHAGORAS.

There now; you ſee: what you call * four are ten, the perfect triangle, and our great oath.

BIDDER.

Now by the great oath, the holy four, never did I hear ſuch ſacred and divine diſcourſe.

* *Four are ten.*] i. e. 1, 2, 3, 4, make up ten.—The Pythagoreans, ſeeing they could not expreſs incorporeal forms and firſt principles, had recourſe to numbers. Four, or the tetrad, was eſteemed the moſt perfect number, the primary and primogeneous, which they called the root of all things. Ten is the tetractys, or great number, comprehending all arithmetical and harmonical proportion. All nations, Greeks and Barbarians, reckon to that, and no farther. Now the tetrad is the power of the decad, for before we arrive at the perfection of the decad, we find an united perfection in the tetrad, the decad being made up by addition of 1, 2, 3, 4. See Stanley's Hiſtory of Philoſophy, p. 381.

This whimſical kind of reaſoning, as practiſed by the Pythagoreans, was a fine fund of ridicule for the laughing Lucian.

PYTHA-

PYTHAGORAS.

After this, ſtranger, I will inſtruct thee concerning the earth, and the water, and the fire, what their action is, what their body, and how they are moved.

BIDDER.

Have fire, air, and water, a ſhape then?

PYTHAGORAS.

Moſt manifeſtly; for without form or body how could they be moved? hence you will learn that god himſelf is number and harmony.

BIDDER.

Wonderful, indeed!

PYTHAGORAS.

Beſides this, I ſhall convince you, that you yourſelf, a ſeeming individual, appear to be one, and in reality are another.

BIDDER.

How ſay you? that I, who now converſe with you, am not myſelf, but another?

PYTHAGORAS.

At preſent you are here, but formerly you appeared in another body, and under another name, and, hereafter, you ſhall be changed into a different perſon.

BIDDER.

Sayeſt thou that I ſhall be immortal, and put on different forms? but enough of this. How are you with regard to diet?

PYTHA-

PYTHAGORAS.

I eat no animal food; but abſtain from nothing elſe, except BEANS.

BIDDER.

And why do you hate beans?

PYTHAGORAS.

They are ſacred, and their nature is marvellous: in the firſt place, they are all over genitals: take a young bean, and ſtrip the ſkin off, and you will find it an exact repreſentation of the virile member and its appurtenances. Moreover, if you leave it in the open air for a certain number of moonlight nights, it will turn to blood. And what is more, the * Athenian law enjoins that their magiſtrates ſhall be choſen by a ballot of beans.

BIDDER.

Wonderful is all thou haſt ſaid, and worthy of a ſacred character: but ſtrip, for I muſt ſee you naked. O Hercules! he has got a † golden thigh:

* *The Athenian law.*] The moſt ancient way of determining matters in courts of juſtice was by black and white ſea-ſhells; they afterwards uſed pellets of braſs, which were at length exchanged for black and white beans, a mode of ballotting which we have ourſelves adopted. Lucian, after mentioning other ſuperſtitious notions of the Pythagoreans with reſpect to beans, humorouſly introduces this, which he ſuppoſes might be juſt as good a reaſon for abſtaining from beans as any of the reſt.

† *A golden thigh.*] The ſtory of the golden thigh is mentioned

thigh: ſurely he is no mortal, but a * god. I muſt buy him by all means. What do you value him at?

MERCURY.

Ten minæ.

BIDDER.

I will give it: he is mine.

JUPITER.

Write down the buyer's name, and whence he comes.

MERCURY.

He ſeems to be an Italian, and one of thoſe who inhabit that part of Greece which lies round about Croton and Tarentum: the truth is, he is not bought by one, but by three or four hundred of them, who are to poſſeſs him in common.

JUPITER.

Well, let them take him away: bring out another.

MERCURY.

Would you have that dirty fellow, from Pontus?

mentioned by Porphyry, Iamblichus, and ſeveral other writers. Origin alone has turned the golden into an ivory one.

* *But a god.*] Alluding to the laſt of what are generally called the Golden Verſes of Pythagoras.

Εσσεαι αθανατος Θεος αμβροτος, ουκετι θνητος.

Thou ſhalt not be a mortal, but a god.

JUPI-

JUPITER.

By all means.

MERCURY.

Hark ye! ye round-ſhoulders, with the ſatchel on your back, come this way, and walk round the bench. Here is a character for you, gentlemen, manly, noble, free: who bids here?

BIDDER.

What is that you ſay, cryer? ſell a freeman?

MERCURY.

Yes.

BIDDER.

And are not you afraid he ſhould ſummon you to the Areopagus for making him a ſlave?

MERCURY.

He never minds being ſold; for he thinks himſelf free in every place.

BIDDER.

But what uſe can I make of ſuch a dirty ill-looking fellow? unleſs I wanted a digger, or a water-carrier.

MERCURY.

O, he is fitter for a porter at your door; you will find him faithful as a dog; † a dog, indeed, he is called.

BIDDER.

What ſort of a fellow is he; and what does he profeſs himſelf?

† *A dog, indeed.*] For the appellation I refer the reader to a former note. Lucian's account of the Cynic philoſopher is excellent.

MER-

MERCURY.

Aſk him, that is the beſt way.

BIDDER.

I am afraid, by his fierce ſurly countenance, that he will bark at me when I come near him, or perhaps bite: do not you ſee how he takes up his ſtaff, knits his brow, and looks angry and threatening!

MERCURY.

Do not be afraid of him, he is quite tame.

BIDDER.

In the firſt place, then, good man, of what country are you?

DIOGENES.

Of all countries.

BIDDER.

How is that?

DIOGENES.

I am a citizen of the world.

BIDDER.

Who are you a follower of?

DIOGENES.

Hercules.

BIDDER.

I ſee you reſemble him by the club; have you got the lion's ſkin too?

DIOGENES.

My lion's ſkin is this old cloak: I wage war, like

like him, againſt pleaſures, not, indeed, by * command, but of my own free will, appointed to reform the world.

BIDDER.

A noble deſign: but what is your art, and in what does your principal knowledge conſiſt?

DIOGENES.

I am the deliverer of mankind, the phyſician of the paſſions, the prophet of univerſal truth and liberty.

BIDDER.

Well, Mr. prophet, if I buy you, in what manner will you inſtruct me?

DIOGENES.

I ſhall take you firſt, ſtrip you of all your finery, put on you an old cloak, keep you poor, make you work hard, lie upon the ground, drink water, and take what food you can get: if you have any riches, at my command you muſt throw them into the ſea: wife, children, and country you muſt take no notice of, deeming them all trifles: you muſt leave your father's houſe, and live in a ſepulchre, ſome deſerted tower, or a tub. Your ſcrip, however, ſhall be full of lupines, and parchments, ſcrawled over † on the outſide.

* *By command.*] The labours of Hercules were all performed by command of Euryſtheus, at the inſtigation of Juno.

† *On the outſide.*] People of faſhion never wrote but on the

In this condition you ſhall ſay you are happier than the § great king. If any body beats or torments you, you ſhall think it no hardſhip, nor complain of it.

BIDDER.

How! not complain when I am beaten: I have not the ſhell of a crab or a tortoiſe.

DIOGENES.

You ſhall ſay, with a very little alteration, what Euripides did.

BIDDER.

What's that?

DIOGENES.

* My mind is hurt, but my tongue ſhall not complain. But now, mind how you are to behave: you muſt be bold, ſaucy, and abuſive to every body, kings and beggars alike; this is the way to make them look upon you, and think you a great man. Your voice ſhould be barbarous,

the inſide of the parchment, though the poorer ſort made uſe of the outſide alſo. Juvenal alludes to this in his firſt Satire,

Scriptus et in tergo, &c.

§ *The great king.*] The king of Perſia,

Μεγας δε βασιλευς εχι δια τουτον κοπα;

Ariſtophanes in his Plutus, ver. 170.

So Horace alſo,

Perſarum vigui rege beatior.

* *My mind, &c.*] See the Hippolytus of Euripides, v. 612.

and

and your ſpeech diſſonant, as like a dog as poſſible; your countenance rigid and inflexible, and your gait and demeanor ſuitable to it: every thing you ſay ſavage and uncouth: modeſty, equity, and moderation you muſt have nothing to do with: never ſuffer a bluſh to come upon your cheek: ſeek the moſt public and frequented place, but when you are there deſire to be alone, and permit neither friend nor ſtranger to aſſociate with you; for theſe things are the ruin and deſtruction of power and empire. Do that boldly, before every body, which nobody elſe would do even in ‡ private, and let your amours be as ridiculous as poſſible: at length, if you chuſe it, you may die with eating a raw ‖ polypus, or an onion. And this felicity I heartily wiſh you may attain to.

BIDDER.

Away with thee: thy tenets are filthy, and abhorrent to humanity.

DIOGENES.

But hark ye, friend, after all, mine is the eaſieſt way, and you may go it without any trouble: it is a

‡ *In private.*] Quid ego de Cynicis loquar? ſays Laetantius, quibus in propatulo coire cum conjugibus mos fuit? Sic Crates cum uxore palam in poecile rem habuit.

‖ *A raw polypus.*] Alluding to the death of Democritus, who, ſome ſay, died in this manner. Laertius, however, aſſures us, that he lived to the age of a hundred, and died of old age.

ſhort cut to glory; you will want no education, learning, or trifles of that ſort: be you ever ſo ignorant, a cobler, a ſauſage-monger, a blackſmith, or a ſutler, you will not be a whit the leſs admired, provided you have but impudence enough, and a good knack at abuſe.

BIDDER.

I want you not for ſuch things: you may ſerve, however, by and by, for a ſailor, or a gardener, if he will ſell you for two oboli.

MERCURY.

Aye, aye, take him; for he is ſo troubleſome, makes ſuch a noiſe, and is ſo abuſive and inſolent to every body, that we ſhall be glad to get rid of him.

JUPITER.

Come, call up another: let us have that Cyrenian there, in purple, with the garland on.

MERCURY.

Now, gentlemen, draw near: this is a valuable commodity, indeed, and demands a rich purchaſer. The ſweet, the lovely, the thrice happy: which of you longs for pleaſure? Which of you buys my moſt * delicate of all philoſophers?

* *Moſt delicate, &c.*] Ariſtippus (ſee Stanley,) chief of the Cyreniac ſect of philoſophers; he leaned to the doctrine of Epicurus, and, from what we can gather concerning him, was rather of baſe principles. Pope, however, has put him into better company than Lucian, if now alive, would probably think him fit for.

——Like Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
——Grow all to all.

BIDDER.

Come this way, you, and tell me what you know: I will buy you if you are good for any thing.

MERCURY.

Do not diſturb him, friend, nor aſk him any queſtions; for he is ſo tipſy, and his tongue falters ſo, he cannot anſwer you.

BIDDER.

What man in his ſenſes then would buy ſuch a debauched good-for-nothing fellow! How he ſmells of ointment! ſtaggers as he walks, and goes all-awry! but tell me yourſelf, Mercury, what is he good for?

MERCURY.

To ſum up his character, he is a boon companion, and an excellent toper; very fit in company with a fidler, to wait upon a luxurious and intriguing maſter; an expert cook, extremely knowing in dainties, and, in ſhort, a perfect maſter in the ſcience of luxury. He was brought up, and ſerved under the tyrants of Sicily, with whom he was in high eſteem: the whole of his philoſophy conſiſts in treating every thing with indifference, enjoying as much as he can, and induſtriouſly ſearching after pleaſure wherever it can be met with.

BIDDER.

You muſt look for another buyer amongſt the

rich and great: I cannot afford to purchaſe ſuch a very merry companion.

MERCURY.

I fancy, Jupiter, he muſt ſtay with us, for nobody will buy him.

JUPITER.

Let him ſtand on one ſide. Bring out another, or let us have thoſe *two, one from Abdera, that is always laughing, the other from Epheſus, that is for ever crying: we will ſell them both together.

MERCURY.

Come down, you, and ſtand here in the middle. Take notice, gentlemen, I am puttting up two of the beſt and wiſeſt philoſophers in the world.

BIDDER.

O Jupiter! what a contraſt! one never ceaſes laughing, the other ſeems to lament the loſs of ſomebody; for he is weeping perpetually. Hark ye, you, what do you laugh at?

DEMOCRITUS.

Can you aſk me? Every thing you have is ridiculous, and you yourſelves as ridiculous.

BIDDER.

Sayeſt thou ſo? You laugh at us all then, and think every thing we have is of no value!

DEMOCRITUS.

Moſt certainly: there is nothing ſerious in them: all is vanity: the ſport of atoms: all infinite, all undefineable.

*Two.] Democritus and Heraclitus.

BID-

BIDDER.

No such thing: you are vain indeed, and undefineable yourself. What insolence! you will never have done laughing—But now to you, friend, for you I had rather talk with: what is it you cry for?

HERACLITUS.

Stranger, I think all the affairs of men deserve our lamentation and our tears, nor is there any thing belonging to them that is not doomed to misery; therefore do I weep and lament. The present evil I hold not so great, but those to come are terrible indeed: the burning and total destruction of all things. I lament that nothing is firm and permanent, but all mixed, as it were, into one bitter potion, * painful pleasure, ignorant knowledge, great is small, and high is low, for ever turning about and changing in the childhood of human life.

BIDDER.

What then would you call life?

HERACLITUS.

A child playing, throwing marbles about, and quarrelling.

* *Painful pleasure.*] Τερψις ατερψιη. The followers of Heraclitus talked also of καιρος ακαιρος, ασοφος σοφια, ασεβης ευσεβια, with a hundred other quaintnesses of the same kind, merely to puzzle and perplex. Hippocrates, in his treatise De Diæta, gives a particular account of Heraclitus's philosophy, to which I refer my readers.

BIDDER.

What are men?

HERACLITUS.

Mortal gods.

BIDDER.

And what the gods?

HERACLITUS.

Immortal men.

BIDDER.

You talk in riddles and † griphi, friend; like the Loxian Apollo, you ſpeak nothing clear or intelligible.

HERACLITUS.

I trouble not my head about you.

BIDDER.

Nobody, therefore, in their ſenſes will purchaſe you.

HERACLITUS.

I command you all to weep, buyers or no buyers, great and ſmall, one with another.

BIDDER.

This borders upon melancholy madneſs. I will have nothing to do with either of them.

MERCURY.

Neither of theſe, then, will go off, I find.

JUPITER.

Put up another.

† *Griphi.*] The *griphi* were not very different from our riddles and conundrums, though they required, perhaps, a little more learning to unravel them. See Athenæus, book x.

MERCURY.

Would you have the Athenian? the prating man?

JUPITER.

Aye.

MERCURY.

Come hither, you Sir: here, gentlemen, is the good, the prudent, the moſt holy: who bids for him?

BIDDER.

Tell me, Sir, what are your perfections?

SOCRATES.

I am fond of boys, and a great proficient in the art of love.

BIDDER.

Then I muſt not buy you, for I wanted a tutor for my child, who is very handſome.

SOCRATES.

And who is fitter than myſelf to take care of a beautiful youth? I am no lover of the body; it is the beauty of the ſoul that I admire: be not alarmed, though they lie under the ſame † cover-

† *The ſame covering.*] The ſtory, here alluded to, is told at large by Alcibiades, in the Sympoſium of Plato, to which I refer the curious reader. Lucian is not the only writer who has attacked the character of Socrates with regard to his pæderaſty. The ſilence, however, of contemporary authors on this head, particularly Ariſtophanes, who treated him ſo ſeverely in other reſpects, ſeems to exculpate him from any crime of this nature.

ing

ing with me, they will tell you I never hurt them.

BIDDER.

A lover of boys, and think of nothing but their minds! under the ſame covering too. It is rather incredible.

SOCRATES.

By the * dog and plane-tree, but it is ſo.

BIDDER.

O Hercules! what ſtrange kind of gods to ſwear by!

SOCRATES.

How! is not the god a dog? Knoweſt thou not how great Anubis is in Ægypt, and Sirius in heaven, and Cerberus in hell?

BIDDER.

You are right; I was miſtaken: but what is your manner of living?

* *By the dog.*] That is, by Cerberus; this is called Ῥαδαμανθινος ορκος, the oath of Rhadamanthus, who, it ſeems, made a law that his ſubjects ſhould ſwear thus (for a very good reaſon), ὑπερ του μη τους θεους επι πασιν ονομαζειν, that they might not make uſe of the names of the gods on every trifling occaſion: Socrates, therefore, did it conſcientiouſly, and with a pious intention. Lucian's making him ſwear this ſtrange oath puts us in mind of Bobadil's ſwearing by the foot of Pharaoh, &c.

SOCRATES.

I live in a certain city, which I built myſelf in a new † republic, and abide by my own laws.

BIDDER.

I ſhould be glad to hear one of them.

SOCRATES.

I will tell you one that I made, the greateſt of them all, concerning women: it is enacted, that none ſhall be the property of any particular perſon; but that as many as pleaſe may come in for a ſhare of her after marriage.

BIDDER.

How is that! annul the laws againſt adultery!

SOCRATES.

Aye, by Jove, and put an end at once to all the idle talk about ſuch trifles.

BIDDER.

And what have you decreed with regard to boys in the flower of their youth?

SOCRATES.

Theſe are reſerved for the good and brave, as their reward after any noble and great Action.

BIDDER.

What amazing generoſity! But what is your great diſcovery, the crown, as it were, of your wiſdom?

† *A republic.*] Alluding to Plato's famous tract De Republica. My readers will obſerve, that this account of Socrates is meant by Lucian as a ridicule on every part of the Platonic philoſophy.

SO-

SOCRATES.

The ideas and reſemblances of things; for know, of whatever thou beholdeſt, the earth, and all belonging to it, heaven, and the ſea on the outſide of this World, there are certain inviſible images.

BIDDER.

And where are they?

SOCRATES.

No where; *if they could be in any place, they would not be at all.

BIDDER.

I ſee no ſuch images as you talk of.

SOCRATES.

And no wonder; for the eyes of your ſoul are blinded; but I ſee the Images of all things: I ſee another body of thine, not viſible to the corporeal eye, and another of myſelf: every thing, in ſhort, is double.

BIDDER.

You are ſo wiſe, and ſo ſharp-ſighted, I muſt purchaſe you.—What do you aſk for him?

MERCURY.

You muſt give me two talents.

* *If they could, &c.*] See Stanley's Plato. The Platonic doctrine of Ideas is, to ſay the truth, very obſcure and unintelligible, as may be ſeen by conſulting the works of that philoſopher, and Lucian has accordingly repreſented it in the moſt ridiculous light.

BID-

BIDDER.

I take him at that price. I will pay you the money preſently.

MERCURY.

What is your name?

BIDDER.

† Dion of Syracuſe.

MERCURY.

Take him away, and ſpeed you well with him. Now, Epicurus, I muſt call you. Who buys him? This gentleman, is a ‡ diſciple of the laughing philoſopher, and the drunken one, whom I juſt now put up to ſale: he has the Advantage of them both in one thing, that he has more wickedneſs in im. Moreover, he is very good-natured, and a great lover of eating.

BIDDER.

What is the price of him?

MERCURY.

Two minæ.

† *Dion of Syracuſe.*] See Cornelius Nepos's Life of Dion. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that Plato was ſold in Sicily for twenty minæ. Book xv. p. 461.

‡ *A diſciple, &c.*] Epicurus is called a diſciple of Democritus, becauſe he adopted his theory of atoms; and of Ariſtippus alſo, becauſe his ideas of ſenſual pleaſure were ſuppoſed to coincide, in a great meaſure, with thoſe of that celebrated philoſopher.

BIDDER.

Take them: but tell me what food is he moſt fond of?

MERCURY.

He lives upon ſweet things, ſuch as have the taſte of honey, particularly figs.

BIDDER.

They are eaſily procured: I will buy him a load of—good * Carians.

JUPITER.

Call another: him yonder, with the bald pate and ſorrowful countenance, from the Portico.

MERCURY.

Well thought on: for a number of People are got, I ſee, about the market-place, in expectation of him. I am now, gentlemen, going to ſell the moſt perfect of all men, virtue itſelf; which amongſt you is deſirous of engroſſing all knowledge?

BIDDER.

What ſayeſt thou?

MERCURY.

He alone is wiſe, he alone is beautiful, juſt, brave, a rhetorician, a legiſlator, a monarch, and what not?

* *Carians.*] i. e. Carian figs: the beſt figs came from Rhodes; thoſe of Caria were of an inferior ſort, and generally given to ſlaves, and for this reaſon, as being cheaper, they are preferred by the purchaſer of Epicurus, for whom he thinks they would be good enough.

BIDDER.

An excellent cook too, I ſuppoſe, a cobler, a ſmith, and ſo forth.

MERCURY.

So it ſeems.

BIDDER.

Come this way, friend, and tell me, for I am going to buy you, what ſort of a man you are: and firſt of all, inform me, whether you are not ſadly chagrined at being ſold thus for a ſlave.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Not at all: theſe things are not in our own power, and what is not in our power ſhould be indifferent to us.

BIDDER.

I do not underſtand you.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Not underſtand me? do not you know that ſome things are * preferable and others rejectable?

BIDDER.

Still unintelligible.

* *Preferable.*] See Stanley's account of the Stoics. It would take up more time than either I or my readers have to ſpare, to explain all the tenets and opinions here alluded to. I muſt refer the curious, therefore, to Diog. Laertius, Cicero De Finibus, and, above all, to the excellent Stanley's Hiſtory of Philoſophers, and ſhall never enter into a full explanation of the terms but when it is abſolutely neceſſary.

CHRYSIPPUS.

May be ſo; you are not accuſtomed to our terms, nor have you the faculty of cataleptic perception; but the learned, who underſtand the rationale of things, not only know this, but can tell the difference between the ſymbama and paraſymbama.

BIDDER.

Symbama and paraſymbama! in the name of philoſophy, I intreat thee let me know the meaning of them; for I know not how it is, but the harmony of theſe words ſtrikes my ear moſt ſurpriſingly; do not refuſe me.

CHRYSIPPUS.

I will not: ſuppoſe a man that is lame hits his lame foot againſt a ſtone, and is ſuddenly wounded, now the lameneſs which he had before was ſymbama, or the accident; and the wound which he got over and above is the paraſymbama, or accident upon accident.

BIDDER.

How ingenious! What elſe are you famous for?

CHRYSIPPUS.

Word-nets, which I catch every body in that talks to me: I hedge them in, and dumb-found them immediately; and this I do by my renowned ſyllogiſm.

BIDDER.

A moſt powerful and invincible faculty indeed!

CHRYSIPPUS.

Obſerve now: ſuppoſe you have a little boy.

BID-

BIDDER.

Well, what then?

CHRYSIPPUS.

If by chance, as he is rambling by the river ſide a * crocodile ſhould ſeize upon him, and promiſe afterwards to reſtore the child to you, on condition that you tell him truly whether he had determined at that time, in his own mind to reſtore him or not: what would you ſay was the crocodile's reſolution?

BIDDER.

You have aſked me a queſtion not eaſy to be reſolved, nor can I poſſibly anſwer it. I beſeech you anſwer it yourſelf; leſt, before I am able to do it, my boy ſhould be devoured.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Never fear: I will teach you more wonderful things than this.

BIDDER.

What are they?

CHRYSIPPUS.

† The reaper, the ruler, the Electra, and the maſk.

* *A crocodile.*] This ſpecies of argumentation, quibble, quiddity, or whatever we may chuſe to call it, takes its name like the reſt, from a ridiculous and improbable circumſtance, invented for the purpoſe, and is amongſt thoſe abſurdities, the bare mention of which, without any remark or illuſtration, renders it ſufficiently ridiculous.

† *The reaper, &c.*] "Sophiſmatis hujus (ſays the famous

BIDDER.

What do you mean by the maſk, and the Electra?

CHRYSIPPUS.

I mean Electra, the famous daughter of Agamemnon; who knew ſomething, and at the ſame time knew it not. When Oreſtes ſtood before her undiſcovered, ſhe knew Oreſtes was her brother, but he knew not that he who ſtood before her was Oreſtes. But now you ſhall hear the maſk, that moſt admirable of all ſyllogiſms. Anſwer me, now, do you know your own father?

BIDDER.

Aye, ſure.

mous annotator M. du S.) meminerunt alii antiqui ſcriptores, nemo autem exemplum effert unde certo quid fuerit, conſtet:" and a little after, ſpeaking of the ruler, "hujus, ſays he, Diog. Laert. oblitus videtur, nec quid ſit, conjectura aſſequi poſſum." M. du S. we ſee fairly, acknowledges with regard to both the reaper and the ruler, that he cannot tell what they were, nor does he know how to explain them. It is a taſk, therefore, which I ſhall not preſume to undertake: though by raking painfully into the duſt of antiquity, all theſe ſtrange riddles might probably be ſolved: but the reader, I hope, will think with me, that, "il ne vant pas la peine." Chryſippus and his followers had, we are told, a great many more of theſe pretty ſophiſms of different appellations, ſuch as the Sorites, Achilles, Cornuta, Nemo, and ſeveral others, equally ridiculous with thoſe which Lucian laughs at: theſe were adopted and improved upon by our ſchoolmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

CHRY-

CHRYSIPPUS.

Suppoſe then a man ſtanding before you maſked, and I aſk you, do know this man? What would you ſay?

BIDDER.

Certainly: that I did not know him.

CHRYSIPPUS.

And yet that very man was your father: if you did not know him therefore, it is plain you do not know your own father.

BIDDER.

True; but if he was unmaſked, I ſhould know him well enough. But, inform me; what is the end of all your wiſdom, and when you are arrived at the perfection of virtue, how will you act?

CHRYSIPPUS.

Follow nature, and enjoy her bleſſings; as riches, health, and ſo forth: but firſt we muſt labour hard, pore over ſmall written manuſcripts, collect commentaries, abound in * ſoleciſms and obſcurity; and, to crown all, you can never be a wiſe man without taking three draughts of hellebore.

BIDDER.

All this is noble, and worthy of a man; but, tell me, to be a uſurer, (for you ſeem to intimate,) does that too become the man who is purged with hellebore, and arrived at the perfection of virtue?

**Soleciſms.*] See Watts's Logic.

CHRY-

CHRYSIPPUS.

Moſt certainly: only the wiſe ſhould be uſurers: for to † ſyllogize, you know, and to ſcrape together is the ſame thing: moreover, it becomes the wiſe man, not only to take intereſt, but intereſt upon intereſt: for knoweſt thou not that there is a firſt uſury, and likewiſe a ſecond uſury, the daughter of it? you ſee, therefore, what the ‡ ſyllogiſm ſays, if the wiſe man may take the firſt uſury, he may take the ſecond; now he does take the firſt, ergo, he may take the ſecond.

BIDDER.

We may ſay the ſame thing then with regard to the ſtipend you receive from your pupils, whence it plainly appears, that none but good men take a reward for teaching virtue.

CHRYSIPPUS.

You are perfectly right; nor do I take it for my own ſake, but for the ſake of him that gives it to me; for as one man muſt be the pourer in, the other the pourer out, it is proper I ſhould be the former, and my diſciple the latter.

BID-

† *To ſyllogize, &c.*] The wit of this depends on the ſimilarity of ſound between two Greek words of different ſignifications: but puns, as Addiſon obſerves, are untranſlateable.

‡ *The ſyllogiſm.*] Lucian's obſervation here is no leſs arch than true, and in ridicule of the ancient philoſophers, tends

BIDDER.

I thought you ſaid juſt the contrary: that the young man took every thing in, and that you, who alone are rich, were the pourer out.

CHRYSIPPUS.

You make a jeſt of it: but take care I do not ſhoot at you with my *indemonſtrable ſyllogiſm.

BIDDER.

And what am I to fear from that arrow?

CHRYSIPPUS.

Eternal doubt, everlaſting ſilence, and total diſtraction of mind. This moment, for inſtance, if I have a mind, I can prove you to be a ſtone.

BIDDER.

Into a ſtone, ſay you? You are a † Perſeus then, it ſeems.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Thus, then, I proceed: is a ſtone a body?

BIDDER.

Certainly.

CHRYSIPPUS.

And what is an animal, is not that a body?

tends to ſhew, that by puzzling ſyllogiſm, and falſe reaſoning, men may prove any thing; and not only this, but immediately after, by the ſame method, prove the direct contrary, as appears in the example of the ſtone which follows.

* *Indemonſtrable.*] See Diogen. Laert.

† *A Perſeus.*] Alluding to the well-known ſtory of the Gorgon's head, which turned the beholder into ſtone.

BIDDER.

No doubt of it.

CHRYSIPPUS.

And are not you an animal?

BIDDER.

So it ſeems.

CHRYSIPPUS.

If you are a body, therefore, you muſt be a ſtone.

BIDDER.

By no means: but for heaven's ſake ſet me free, and make me a man again, as I was before.

CHRYSIPPUS.

So I will, with all the eaſe in the world: anſwer me now, is every body an animal?

BIDDER.

No.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Is a ſtone an animal?

BIDDER.

No.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Are you a body?

BIDDER.

Certainly.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Being a body, you are an animal!

BIDDER.

True.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Being an animal, therefore, you cannot be a ſtone.

BIDDER.

Very well done, indeed; the vital ſpirit was juſt departing, and my limbs, like Niobe's, began to petrify. I will buy you, however: what is the price of him?

MERCURY.

Twelve minæ.

BIDDER.

Here, take the money.

MERCURY.

Do you purchaſe him for yourſelf only?

BIDDER.

No: for all theſe that you ſee here.

MERCURY.

A fine number of them, indeed, rare broad-ſhouldered fellows, and fit for * reapers.

JUPITER.

Come, let us have no delays; call out another.

MERCURY.

Come forth, you † Peripatetic there, the beau-

* *For reapers.*] Τε θεριζοντος λογε αξιοι, ſays Lucian, i. e. digni qui collegant manipulas, aut opus agris faciunt: proper fellows for reapers, alluding to the ſophiſm above mentioned, called by that name.

† *Peripatetic.*] Ariſtotle.

tiful,

tiful, the rich: now, gentlemen, who buys my wiſeſt of all philoſophers, ſkilled in every ſcience.

BIDDER.

What is he famous for?

MERCURY.

Temperance, juſtice, knowledge of life, and above all, for his * double character.

BIDDER.

What do you mean?

MERCURY.

He appears one thing without, and another within; remember, therefore, before you purchaſe him, ſome call him eſoteric, and ſome exoteric.

BIDDER.

What are his principal tenets?

MERCURY.

That the ‖ *ſummum bonum* conſiſts in three

* *Double character.*] Alluding to Ariſtotle's τῶν λογῶν, ἐσωτερικοὺς τοὺς διαλεκτικοὺς, ἐξωτερικοὺς τοὺς ῥητορικοὺς, the doctrine of Ariſtotle, we are told, was of two kinds, exoteric, and acroatic: under the firſt were ranked rhetoric, meditation, nice diſputes on the knowledge of civil things; under the other, the more remote and ſubtle philoſophy, the contemplation of nature, and dialective diſceptations. See Stanley's Life of Ariſtotle.

† *Summum bonum.*] Ariſtotle held that the ſummum bonum, or greateſt poſſible beatitude, conſiſted in the function of perfect life, according to virtue; and the uſe of virtue, according to nature, without any impediment.

things,

things, in the ſoul, in the body, and in externals.

BIDDER.

He ſeems to have great knowledge of mankind. What do you aſk for him?

MERCURY.

Twenty minæ.

BIDDER.

A great price!

MERCURY.

By no means, friend; for he ſeems to have ſome thing rich about him, ſo that you would be no loſer by the purchaſe; beſides, he can tell you how long a flea lives, to what depth the ſea is lighted by the ſun, and what ſort of ſoul oyſters have.

BIDDER.

O Hercules! what a curious diſcuſſion!

MERCURY.

What would you ſay if you were to hear his infinitely more ſubtle diſcoveries concerning ſeed, and generation, and the formation of embryos in the womb; and how man is a riſible animal, and an aſs neither a riſible animal, nor a building, nor a ſailing one.

BIDDER.

Moſt wonderful doctrines, indeed, and amazingly uſeful! I will give you twenty for him.

MERCURY.

Very well. Who have we left? O, this Sceptic, you * Pyrrhia there, ſtand forth, that you may be ſold immediately: numbers are going away, I ſee, and the ſale muſt be amongſt a very few. Now, gentlemen, who buys him?

BIDDER.

I will: but firſt tell me, you, what do you know?

† PHILOSOPHER.

Nothing.

BIDDER.

What do you mean?

PHILOSOPHER.

That nothing appears to me to be certain.

BIDDER.

And are we nothing ourſelves?

* *Pyrrhia.*] Meaning Pyrrho, the famous ſceptic: as he is putting up to ſale, he calls him Pyrrhia, the name of a ſlave.

† *Philoſopher.*] As nothing remains in the original but the initial letters ΦΙΛ. the commentators are in doubt whether Lucian meant the contraction Phil. for Philoſopher, or the famous ſceptic Philo. I have preferred the former, becauſe Pyrrho, the founder, had been mentioned before, and Lucian did not mean to change the perſon, but only to call him by the general name of philoſopher; it is a matter, however, of no great conſequence which name we call him by.

PHILOSOPHER.

That I am not certain of.

BIDDER.

And do you know yourſelf to be nothing?

PHILOSOPHER.

That I am ſtill more in doubt about.

BIDDER.

Strange perplexity! but what are thoſe ſcales for?

PHILOSOPHER.

In them I weigh the reaſons on each ſide, and when I find the balance equal on both, conclude that I know nothing.

BIDDER.

And can you do any thing elſe well?

PHILOSOPHER.

Every thing, but overtake a fugitive.

BIDDER.

And why not that?

PHILOSOPHER.

Becauſe, friend, I cannot * apprehend him.

BIDDER.

I believe you, for you ſeem very lazy, and very ignorant: but what is the ſum of all your knowledge?

* *Apprehend him.*] καταλαμβανειν. "Καταλαμβανειν, ſays a learned commentator, ad intellectûs facultatum creberrime referunt Sceptici, negantque aliquid a ſe COMPREHENDI." The word apprehend, luckily anſwers exactly to the original in its double ſenſe.

PHILOSOPHER.

To learn nothing, to hear nothing, and to ſee nothing.

BIDDER.

And ſo, you ſay, you are deaf and blind.

PHILOSOPHER.

Aye, and, moreover, without ſenſe or judgment, and in nothing differing from a mere worm.

BIDDER.

With all theſe good qualities, I ſhall certainly buy you: what do you think him worth?

MERCURY.

An Attic mina.

BIDDER.

There it is: what ſay you, friend, have I † bought you?

PHILOSOPHER.

That remains a doubt.

BIDDER.

By no means, for I have bought and paid for you.

PHILOSOPHER.

That I muſt conſider on, and call in queſtion.

BIDDER.

Follow me, however, as a ſervant ought.

† *Have I bought you.*] The Sceptic's doubting, after all, whether he was bought or not, and whether any body was preſent, are fine ſtrokes of true humour. The whole ſatire on the abſurdity of univerſal Scepticiſm, is, indeed, inimitable.

PHI-

PHILOSOPHER.

Who knows whether you ſpeak truth or not?

BIDDER.

The crier there, my money, and every body here preſent.

PHILOSOPHER.

And are there any preſent?

BIDDER.

I ſhall throw you into the * mill, and convince you that I am your maſter, † by chirology.

PHILOSOPHER.

Of that I beg leave to doubt.

* *The mill.*] This was a common puniſhment, both amongſt the Greeks and Romans. Terence always ſends his ſlaves ad piſtrinum.

† *Chirology.*] The critics explain this paſſage, by telling us that the κρειττω λογος, or beſt kind of argument, was that which, by dint of ſophiſms, could make the weaker cauſe appear the ſtrongeſt; and, on the contrary, the ηττω, or χειρω λογος, was the worſt, or weakeſt kind of argument, which made even a good and juſt cauſe appear to be a bad and unjuſt one. And this is the argument by which the buyer was to convince the philoſopher that he was in the wrong. Lucian, however, ſeems to me, in this place, though it is not ſuggeſted by any of his commentators, to play upon the word χειρω, and to intimate that the philoſopher ſhould be convinced by the hand argument (in the ſame manner as we ſay argumentum baculinum), or a good beating, which I have ventured to render by the word chirology, which may be applied to both meanings.

BIDDER.

By heaven, but I have determined it already.

MERCURY.

Ceaſe contradicting, and follow your maſter. I invite you all here, gentlemen, to-morrow, when I ſhall ſell you ſome common people, lawyers, mechanics, and ſo forth.

THE

FISHERMAN.

A DIALOGUE.

The excellent Satire of the preceding Dialogue, *apparently aimed at the falſe Philoſophers of Antiquity, who, to ſpeak in the Language of* Scripture, profeſſing themſelves to be wiſe, became Fools, *had ſo alarmed the whole indignant Race, that they fell upon* LUCIAN, *we may ſuppoſe, as the Heroes of the* Dunciad *did on* Pope, *with no ſmall Degree of Acrimony and Reſentment. In the following Anſwer to their Accuſations, he defends himſelf in ſuch a Manner, as muſt convince every impartial Reader, that he was an Enemy, not to true, but falſe Philoſophy. This* Dialogue *is called the* FISHERMAN, *from a very laughable Circumſtance, introduced towards the End of it. The whole abounds with good Senſe, Wit, and Humour.*

SOCRATES.

PELT, pelt, the raſcal with ſtones upon ſtones; at him again with clods, cover him with ſhells, bruiſe him with ſtaves: do not let him get away from you: at him, Plato; at him, Chryſippus; and you, and you: let us make a phalanx of ſhields, and fall upon him all together:

* Let ſtaves on ſtaves, on pouches pouches fall,
Each ſtrengthen each, and all encourage all.

He is our common enemy, and there is not one of us whom he hath not abuſed. Now, Diogenes, if ever, uſe your club, and do not ſpare him: let the blaſphemous wretch ſuffer the puniſhment he has deſerved:

† Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtue, and your own.

Ariſtotle,

* *Let ſtaves, &c.*] A parody on that verſe in Homer,

Ὡς φρητρη φρητρηφιν αρηγη, Φυλα δε φυλοις.

Il. book B'. 363.

In tribes, and nations, to divide thy train,
His ſeparate troops, let every reader call,
Each ſtrengthen each, and all encourage all.

Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 431.

† *Now call to mind*] See Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 287.

Ariſtotle, make more haſte: that is right: the wild beaſt is taken: we have got you, raſcal, and will teach you ſoon who it is you have calumniated. What ſhall we do with him? Let each of us find out a different way of killing him, ſo we ſhall all be revenged: he ought to ſuffer * ſeven deaths from every one of us.

PLATO.

‡ Let him be crucified.

SOCRATES.

But firſt, by Jupiter, I will have him whipped.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Dig out his eyes.

PYTHAGORAS.

Better pluck his tongue out.

* *Seven deaths.*] That is, ſeven deaths from each of the ſeven philoſophers whom he had abuſed; thus each man was to revenge, not only his own cauſe, but that of every one of his brethren, who had ſuffered the ſame indignity; this, no doubt, was the ſummum jus, which is ſo often and ſo truly called ſumma injuria.

‡ *Let him, &c.*] The tranſcribers of Lucian have here, in my opinion, much injured the original, by putting all the puniſhments into the mouth of Plato, as the ſatire is certainly more pointed by dividing them, as I have done in the tranſlation: Plato is for hanging, Socrates for whipping, Chryſippus for digging out his eyes, and Pythagoras (who the reader will remember enjoined ſilence to his followers), is for cutting out his tongue; whereas, by making Plato ſpeak the whole, all the humour and propriety is loſt.

Swift had probably this paſſage of Lucian in his view, in his humorous account of the poiſoning Edmund Curl.

SOCRATES.

What ſay you, Empedocles?

EMPEDOCLES.

Throw him into the furnace of Mount Ætna, that he may take heed for the future how he abuſes his betters.

PLATO.

O, beſt of all! like Orpheus, or Pentheus, let him be torn to pieces amongſt the rocks, that every one of us may take a bit of him before we go.

LUCIAN.

O do not, do not! ſpare me, I entreat you, by ſuppliant, befriending Jove.

SOCRATES.

It is decreed, and nothing can ſave thee. Hear what ‡ Homer ſays—and epect nothing but

Such leagues as men and furious lions join.

Let Homer, then, ſpeak for me alſo; perchance you will revere his words, and not deſpiſe the reciter.

* Spare a good man, and, for the life I owe,
Rich heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told,
And ſteel, well temper'd, and perſuaſive gold;
Which ev'n the wiſeſt love.

‡ *Homer ſays.*] Part of Achilles' furious ſpeech to Hector, when he is going to kill him. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 338.

* *Spare a good, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xi. and other places; the words, "Which ev'n the wiſeſt love," are not in Homer, but added by Lucian.

PLATO.

PLATO.

Homer will ſupply us with an anſwer too: for inſtance,

* Think not to live, tho' all thy gold be ſhown.
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife,
To riſk, more bravely, thy now forfeit life?

LUCIAN.

Wretch that I am! even my beſt hope, my Homer, fails me. I muſt fly to Euripides; he, perhaps, may ſave me.

O ſave the ſuppliant man! for him, thou know'ſt,
'Tis impious to deſtroy.

PLATO.

And does not the ſame Euripides ſay,

Shall not the evil-doer ſuffer ill?

LUCIAN.

And muſt I then be killed for a few words only?

PLATO.

By Jove, you ſhall: for, as he ſays in another place,

† The ſure reward of an unbridled tongue,
And impious pride, is miſery, and woe.

* *Think not to live.*] From Diomed's ſpeech to Dolon. See Pope's Iliad, book x. l. 517.

† *The ſure reward, &c.*] See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

If by no art, or ſubterfuge whatever, I can eſcape, and you are determined to make an end of me, at leaſt inform me what irremediable injury I have done you, that you ſhould thus ſeize upon, and condemn me.

PLATO.

Aſk thyſelf, villain, what thou haſt done; thoſe * fine books thou haſt written, where thou haſt traduced Philoſophy herſelf, and ſhamefully abuſed us; putting up to public ſale philoſophers, and what is more, freemen: incenſed at this, as well we may be, we have got leave of Pluto to leave the infernal manſions; Chryſippus here, and Epicurus, and myſelf, and Ariſtotle, and ſilent Pythagoras, and Diogenes, and all thoſe, whom thou, in thy writings, haſt ſo inhumanly torn to pieces.

LUCIAN.

Now I begin to breathe again; for I am ſure you will not kill me when you know how I have really behaved towards you; therefore throw away your ſtones, or rather, if you pleaſe, keep them for thoſe who deſerve them better.

PLATO.

Nonſenſe: I tell you, die you muſt, and this very day,

* *Thoſe fine books, &c.*] The Sale of Philoſophers.

Prepare

† Prepare for death, thy deeds have well-deſerv'd it.

LUCIAN.

And would you, good men as you are, kill your familiar friend, one who wiſhes you well; one whom you ought rather to commend, who thinks with you; one, who if it is not too much arrogance to boaſt of it, may be called the patron and promoter of your ſtudies, and has laboured ſo much in your ſervice. Take heed you do not act like the philoſophers of theſe our days, who are angry with, and ungrateful to, the man who has deſerved every thing from them.

PLATO.

What impudence! as if we were indebted to you for your abuſe, and you really thought you were converſing with ſlaves, and all your calumny and reproach, it ſeems, is a favour conferred upon us.

LUCIAN.

Where, and when, have I ever abuſed or reproached you? I who, through all my life, have praiſed and admired philoſophy; always extolling you, and ſtudying your works: whence have I borrowed every thing I ſay, but from you? taſting, like the bee, your flowers, and producing the honey to mankind; they know from whom it comes, diſtinguiſh every flower, and admire, praiſe, and envy

† *Prepare, &c.*]

Αἰνον ἐσσο χιτωνα, κακων ενεκ' ὁσσα ἐοργας.

Homer's Iliad, book iii. l. 57.

him, who gathered it: though, in truth, their praiſes are due to you alone, and to that fertile meadow which produces them in ſuch infinite numbers and variety, as requires a ſkilful hand, ſo to blend and unite them, that they may recommend and adorn each other. And can he, who thus enjoys your bounty, ſpeak ill of thoſe to whom he is ſo much obliged; thoſe to whom alone he is indebted for his character, and reputation? unleſs he were of the ſame diſpoſition with *Thamyris, or †Eurytus, of old, who pretended to vie with the very Muſes that inſpired him; or contend with Apollo himſelf, and aim a dart at him, who taught him the uſe of the quiver.

PLATO.

This is all rhetorical declamation, directly contrary to the truth, and only makes your inſolent be-

* *Thamyris.*] Thamyris was ſo renowned for his ſkill in muſic, as to rival his maſter Apollo, who, growing jealous, took his eyes and lyre away from him.

† *Eurytus.*] Eurytus was king of Ochalia, and famous for his ſkill in archery. He propoſed his daughter, Iole, in marriage, to any perſon that could conquer him at the exerciſe of the bow. This, probably, gave riſe to the ſtory of his rivalling Apollo, and being ſlain by him. Homer calls him, vain Eurytus,

——whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſhed in his prime.
See Pope's Odyſſey, book viii. l. 257.

haviour

haviour more unpardonable; to the injury you have done us, it adds ingratitude alſo; for receiving, by your own confeſſion, arms from us, you turned them againſt us; made us your butt, and ſaid every thing you could againſt us. This was the reward we met with, for opening our field, and permitting you to fill your boſom with our ſpoils: and for this, you but the more deſerve to periſh.

LUCIAN.

Obſerve, now, how you give ear to reſentment alone, unmindful of juſtice. Little did I think that ever anger would thus ſubdue Plato, Ariſtotle, Chryſippus, or any of you; you, whom of all men, I looked upon as far from ſuch weakneſs. Surely however, my moſt venerable adverſaries, you will not kill me unheard, and unconvicted: do not determine any thing by force, or violence; but hear the arguments on both ſides, and decide according to equity and truth. Appoint, therefore, a judge, let all accuſe me, or any one of you whom you ſhall chuſe by vote, and I will anſwer to the crimes alledged againſt me. If it appears that I have done you any wrong, and juſtice condemns me, I am content to ſuffer the puniſhment deſerved: and you will do no violence. If, on the trial, I ſhall be found innocent and irreprehenſible, the judge will acquit me, and you will turn your reſentment towards thoſe who deceived, and ſet you againſt me.

PLATO.

What! turn the * horſe into the field; ſo you may deceive the judges, and eſcape. It is well known that you are an able orator, a ſubtle pleader, and rather too knowing in diſputation: what judge can we have whom you will not bribe (for you are capable of any baſeneſs,) to give ſentence in your favour?

LUCIAN.

Be ſatisfied with regard to that: I want no partial, or ſuſpected judge, none who will ſell me their opinion; for, behold I have brought with me, and here appointed your own Philoſophy, herſelf, to be our umpire.

PLATO.

But, if we are judges, who is to be the accuſer?

LUCIAN.

You ſhall yourſelves be both: nor am I fearful of the event: ſo much have I the better of the cauſe, and infinitely more than is neceſſary in my favour.

PLATO.

What ſay you, Socrates and Pythagoras? The man deſires nothing unreaſonable, when he thus provokes the trial: how muſt we act?

* *Turn the horſe.*] A proverbial expreſſion, (ſee Eraſmus,) as much as to ſay, "Turn a horſe looſe, and catch him again if you can." The proverb, we ſee, is very applicable to the occaſion.

SOCRATES.

What can we do, but proceed to the tribunal, and, taking Philoſophy with us, hear what he has to ſay in his defence: for to condemn without trial, becometh not men like us, but fools alone, the ſlaves of anger, and thoſe who meaſure juſtice by the ſtrength of their arm: if we ſtone him unheard, and unconvicted, we ſhall give our enemies occaſion to ſpeak ill of us; we, more eſpecially, who profeſs ourſelves lovers of equity: what ſhall we ſay of Anytus and Melitus, of my accuſers, or of my judges, if this man is condemned by us, without giving him the chance of the * hour-glaſs.

PLATO.

Socrates, you are right: let us go in ſearch of Philoſophy; ſhe ſhall be the judge, and we will abide by her determination.

* *The hour-glaſs*] In the Athenian courts of judicature, the plaintiff, being placed on the left hand of the tribunal, and the defendant on the right, both of them ſpoke ſet orations in their own behalf: and leſt by the length of their ſpeeches, they ſhould weary the judges' patience, and hinder them from proceeding to other buſineſs, they were limited to a certain ſpace of time, which was meaſured by a κλεψυδρα, or hour-glaſs, differing from ours in this, that, inſtead of ſand, they made uſe of water. To prevent fraud, there was an officer appointed to diſtribute the water equally to both ſides; when the glaſs was run out, they were permitted to ſpeak no farther. If other buſineſs intervened, the glaſs was ſtopped for the time; and if any perſon had finiſhed his ſpeech, before all his water was run out, he might make over the remainder to another.

LUCIAN.

This, O wiſe and prudent men, is certainly the beſt and moſt legal method: keep your ſtones, however, as I adviſed you, for you will want them ſoon at the tribunal. But where ſhall we find Philoſophy? for I do not know where ſhe lives; though I have been looking out for her houſe a long time, in hopes of meeting with her there. In my way I lit on ſeveral men with long beards, and cloaks, who ſaid they had juſt come from her; imagining, therefore, that they muſt know her place of abode, I enquired of them, but they, who knew no more than myſelf, either gave me no anſwer, in order to conceal their ignorance, or directed me from one door to another, ſo that to this day I could never find the houſe. Many a time, either led by my own fancy, or following ſome guide, I viſited certain places, where I thought myſelf ſure of catching her, attracted thither by the multitude of comers and goers, who all appeared with ſevere countenances, grave habits, and looks, that carried with them the appearance of deep thought and meditation. With theſe I crouded myſelf in, unobſerved, and gained admiſſion. There ſaw I a woman, who, though ſhe ſeemed to have dreſſed herſelf with a kind of ſtudied neatneſs, had not the true air of ſimplicity about her. Her hair, it was too viſible, which ſhe wiſhed to appear looſely flowing, ſhe had taken care to adorn, nor was her to be put on without affectation: her whole dreſs

was

was plainly an artful imitation of eaſy negligence; the paint and varniſh, notwithſtanding, appeared through all; her diſcourſe was looſe, like that of a harlot; ſhe ſeemed happy when her lovers praiſed her beauty, and, if they made her any preſent, accepted it with greedineſs: would ſit always near the rich, but took no notice of the poor amongſt them. When ſhe was uncovered, I obſerved a gold necklace, as thick as a dog chain: when I ſaw this, I retired immediately, not without pitying thoſe miſerable wretches, who ſuffered themſelves thus to be led by her, not by the noſe, but by the beard, and, like Ixion, embraced a cloud for a Juno.

PLATO.

So far you are right; for the door is not eaſily found, nor open to every one: neither, indeed, is there any neceſſity of going to her houſe, for we ſhall meet her here in the Ceramicus, on her return from the Academy, when ſhe comes to walk in the portico, as ſhe uſually does every day; and behold! here ſhe is: obſerve her decent habit, the mildneſs of her aſpect, how ſlow ſhe walks along, and ſeems wrapped in thought.

LUCIAN.

I ſee ſeveral, whoſe gait and habit are the ſame, and yet but one of them can really be Philoſophy.

PLATO.

True: but when ſhe comes to ſpeak, you will ſoon know which it is.

PHI-

PHILOSOPHY.

Ha! Plato, Chryſippus, Ariſtotle, and all of you, my beſt and nobleſt followers, here! What brought you again to life? Who has injured you in the regions below? for ye all ſeem angry: who is this priſoner you are dragging along with you? Is he a murderer? Has he ſtripped the dead, or robbed a temple?

PLATO.

O Philoſophy, he is worſe, and more wicked than all of them; for he has dared to aſperſe thy moſt venerable character, and abuſed us all, for what we learned of thee, and left in our writings to poſterity.

PHILOSOPHY.

And are you ſo highly enraged at him for ſpeaking evil of me? Know you not what I ſuffered from Comedy, at the *feaſt of Bacchus, and yet I never called her to account, or reproved her for it; ſhe is at liberty to ſport, it ſuits a feſtival; and well I know, that nothing truly good and valuable is ever the worſe for the ridicule thrown upon it, but comes out, like gold from the hammer, only more bright and ſplendid. You are

*Feaſt of Bacchus.] Alluding to the Comedy of the Clouds, by Ariſtophanes, repreſented during the ſolemnity of that feſtival, when Philoſophy ſuffered ſo much in the perſon of Socrates, from the indecent raillery of that celebrated poet.

angry

angry and provoked, ye know not why. What makes you pull him ſo tight? you will ſtrangle him.

PLATO.

We have got leave for a day, and came up on purpoſe to inflict on him the puniſhment which he deſerves, as ſoon as we had heard what he had publiſhed againſt us.

PHILOSOPHY.

And would you put him to death unheard, and before any trial? He ſeems as if he wanted to ſay ſomething in his own defence.

PLATO.

No: we have referred every thing to you; your opinion muſt decide the controverſy.

PHILOSOPHY.

What ſay *you?*

LUCIAN.

To you, my divine miſtreſs, I ſubmit, for you alone can diſcover truth; but, with much intreaty, ſcarce could I prevail on them to refer the cauſe to your determination.

PLATO.

Now, raſcal, you can call her your miſtreſs: but a little while ago, in a full aſſembly, you pronounced her moſt contemptible, and would ſell all her doctrines for two pence.

PHILOSOPHY.

But, ſuppoſe he meant only to expoſe, not Philoſophy, but ſome impoſtors, who committed bad actions in my name.

LUCIAN.

That you ſhall ſoon be aſſured of, if you will attend to what I ſhall ſay in my defence: but let us ſtep aſide a little to the *Areopagus, or rather to the Acropolis itſelf, whence, as from a watch-tower, we may ſee every thing about the city.

PHILOSOPHY.

You, my friends, in the mean time, may walk about the †Portico; I will come to you again, as ſoon as this affair is determined.

LUCIAN.

Who are theſe? by their mein and deportment they ſeem to be moſt truly reſpectable.

PHILOSOPHY.

That maſculine figure is, Virtue; the other, Wiſdom; the other, Juſtice; ſhe who goes before them is, Education; that colourleſs, and almoſt imperceptible form, is Truth.

LUCIAN.

I cannot ſee her.

PHILOSOPHY.

Do not you obſerve that ſimple, unadorned

*_Areopagus._] The great Athenian court of Judicature, called the Areopagus, or Mars's Hill, as fables tell us, from the arraignment of Mars, who was the firſt criminal tried in it.

†_Portico._] The Ποικιλη, or Pœcile, ſo called from the VARIETY it contained of curious pictures, done by the greateſt maſters, was the famous Portico where Zeno taught philoſophy, and inſtituted the Stoic ſect, ſo called from στοα, ſtoa, another name for this portico.

figure,

figure, naked, and that ſeems to withdraw itſelf, and ſlide away from you.

LUCIAN.

Now, I have juſt a glimpſe of her: but why not carry them with us, as aſſeſſors? it will make the court more full and complete: Truth I would wiſh above all to appear as an advocate for me.

PHILOSOPHY.

Come then, follow me; one cauſe will not be much trouble to you, eſpecially where I am ſo nearly concerned.

TRUTH.

Go you along; there is no occaſion for me to hear again, what I am already ſo well acquainted with.

LUCIAN.

But to me your preſence will be highly neceſſary, to point out every thing to them.

TRUTH.

I muſt bring, then, my two attendants, who are my beſt friends.

PHILOSOPHY.

Carry as many as you pleaſe.

TRUTH.

Follow me then, Liberty and Freedom of Speech, that we may ſave this little man, my friend, and admirer, who is brought into peril without a cauſe. You, Conviction, may remain here.

LUCIAN.

By no means, my honoured miſtreſs; ſhe, if any, ſhould certainly come with us: for I muſt contend,

not

not with beaſts, but with the moſt inſolent of men; men who will not eaſily be argued out of their opinion, but are perpetually finding ſome ſubterfuge, or evaſion. Conviction, therefore, will be neceſſary.

PHILOSOPHY.

Moſt certainly: it will be ſtill better if you take Demonſtration alſo.

TRUTH.

Follow me, all of you, as your preſence will be neceſſary at the trial.

ARISTOTLE.

Obſerve, Philoſophy, he has gained over Truth againſt us.

PHILOSOPHY.

And are Plato, Ariſtotle, and Chryſippus afraid that Truth herſelf ſhould bear falſe teſtimony in his favour?

PLATO.

By no means: but he is an artful flatterer, and may over perſuade her.

TRUTH.

Take courage, for nothing unjuſt can be done, where Juſtice herſelf is preſent: let us be gone.

PHILOSOPHY.

But tell me firſt, what is your name?

LUCIAN.

My name is Parrheſiades, or, the Free Speaker, the ſon of Alethion and Eleuxicles, or, Truth and Conviction.

PHI-

PHILOSOPHY.

Of what country are you?

LUCIAN.

I am a Syrian, and born near Euphrates; but that is nothing to the preſent purpoſe, for many of my adverſaries here, I know, are barbarians as well as myſelf; their learning and their manners, however, are not from Solea, from Cyprus, from Babylon, or Stagyra; beſides, that, with you, a foreign accent is no fault, where the opinion is juſt and good.

PHILOSOPHY.

True: I need not have aſked you thoſe queſtions. But what is your profeſſion? For that it much imports us to know.

LUCIAN.

I am a hater of pride, impoſture, falſehood, and oſtentation: I hate, in ſhort, all wicked men, of whom, you well know, there are but too many.

PHILOSOPHY.

By Hercules, a moſt invidious occupation your's.

LUCIAN.

It is indeed: you ſee what hatred I incur by it, and what dangers I am liable to: but I have another buſineſs alſo, the very oppoſite to that: the buſineſs I mean, of love, eſteem, and approbation. I am the friend of truth, of honour, beauty, of ſimplicity, of every thing that is amiable and good; but few there are who deſerve this love: where-

as, of thoſe who merit my hatred there are millions. Thus, there is no little danger of loſing all my ſkill in one profeſſion, for want of opportunities to exerciſe it; and of being too great a proficient in the other.

PHILOSOPHY.

Never fear: you may do both, without dividing the buſineſs; they ſeem, indeed, to be two different profeſſions, but in reality are but one.

LUCIAN.

You are the beſt judge of that: my maxim, however, is to hate the bad, and to love and praiſe the good and virtuous.

PHILOSOPHY.

Well: we are at the place appointed, we will determine this affair in the temple of Minerva. Do you, prieſteſs, diſpoſe the ſeats: we, in the mean time, will pay our adorations to the goddeſs.

LUCIAN.

Come, now, O guardian of Athens! to my aſſiſtance, againſt theſe proud and wicked men; thou, who, every day, art witneſs to their perjuries; thou alone, who ſeeſt all things, haſt beheld their actions; now is the time to puniſh them. But, if I ſhould be overcome, and the black balls prevail, O throw in thy ſuffrage and preſerve me.

PHILOSOPHY.

Now, we are ſeated, and ready to hear your pleadings. Chooſe one amongſt you, who has the beſt

beſt hand at an accuſation, to make out the indictment; do you put your arguments together, and prove his guilt: but you muſt not all ſpeak at once. You, Parrheſiades, muſt afterwards endeavour to defend yourſelf.

PLATO.

Which of us is moſt fit for this undertaking?

CHRYSIPPUS.

That ſublimity of ſentiment, that truly Attic eloquence, ſo full of grace, and perſuaſion; that prudence and ſagacity, that power of words in demonſtration, ſo attractive and commanding, which all unite in Plato, ſufficiently point out the proper perſon: you, therefore, muſt open the cauſe, and ſpeak for us all. Now call to mind, and bring together all the good things you have ſaid againſt Gorgias, and Polus, and Prodicus, and Hippias: for this man is more formidable than either of them. Sprinkle, withal, a little irony, and ſome of thoſe pretty interrogatories, in which you ſo abound. Add, moreover, if you pleaſe, that inexpreſſible charm, which will put the great Jupiter, who drives the ſwift chariot, into a paſſion if he is not condemned.

PLATO.

By no means appoint me, but rather one of theſe much ſharper orators, Diogenes here, or Antiſthenes, or Crates, or you, Chryſippus: we do not want elegance or ſtrength of ſtyle upon this

occaſion, but a regular proceſs. We will leave oratory to Parrheſiades.

DIOGENES.

Well then: I will begin the accuſation; nor will there be need of any long ſpeeches about it. I have moſt reaſon, for he has treated me worſe than any of you, and ſold me for two oboli.

PLATO.

Diogenes, O Philoſophy, will ſpeak for us all: but, remember, my worthy friend, in your accuſation, to have an eye, not only to yourſelf alone, but to the common cauſe; if we happen to diſagree amongſt ourſelves in opinion, you are not to enter into examination, or determine which is in the right: but confine your reſentment to the injuries done to Philoſophy herſelf, abuſed and calumniated by Parrheſiades: and leaving our diſſentions untouched, defend ſtrenuouſly what we have in common one with another: remember, we have appointed you alone to act for us, we truſt all to you, and on you it will depend, whether what we do ſhall appear fair and honeſt, or be deemed what he has thought fit to call it.

DIOGENES.

Never do you fear: I ſhall omit nothing, but ſpeak as well as I can for you all: if, perchance, Philoſophy, overcome by his eloquence, for ſhe is of a mild and gentle diſpoſition, ſhould, after all, acquit him, it ſhall not be my fault: I will ſtick cloſe to the cauſe, and endeavour

to

to convince him, that I do not bear the † ſtaff in vain.

PHILOSOPHY.

We want not your ſtaff here, but your arguments; let us have no more delay: for the water is already poured out, and the court waits for you.

LUCIAN.

Let Diogenes alone accuſe me; the reſt may ſit with you, and give their ballot.

PHILOSOPHY.

Are not you afraid they will give it againſt you?

LUCIAN.

Not at all: but I would wiſh to carry it by a great majority.

PHILOSOPHY.

Nobly ſaid: come ſit ye down: do you, Diogenes, begin.

DIOGENES.

Who, and what we are, you, O Philoſophy, well know; words, therefore, are unneceſſary on this occaſion; for, to ſay nothing of myſelf, who can be ignorant of how much benefit to mankind have been the works of Pythagoras, Plato, Ariſtotle, and the reſt of us? Againſt characters thus reſpectable, I will now proceed to ſhew what this

† *Staff.*] Diogenes is always deſcribed as carrying a large club, or ſtaff in his hand; this, ſays he, which, in his new character of firſt counſel in the cauſe, he conſiders, as a ſtaff of office, I ſhall not carry in vain, i. e. in caſe of conviction, he ſhould exerciſe it on the delinquent.

execrable Parrheſiades has wickedly ſuggeſted: renowned for oratory, in which it ſeems he excelled, he left the courts of juſtice, and the reputation he acquired there, to ſummon all his forces againſt us, whom he is perpetually employed in calumniating, calling us hypocrites, and impoſtors, and perſuading the multitude to laugh at and deſpiſe us, as men of no account or eſtimation. Already he has brought upon us, and on you, O Philoſophy, univerſal hatred; calling all you do madneſs and folly. What you had taught us to look upon as ſerious, he has turned into jeſt and laughter; only to inſult us, and gain applauſe to himſelf from the ſpectators: for ſuch is the nature and diſpoſition of the vulgar, that they are ever delighted with the ſcoffer and calumniator, eſpecially when things the moſt ſacred and reſpectable are laughed at by them: and therefore was it that formerly they were ſo pleaſed with Eupolis and Ariſtophanes, who brought our Socrates on the ſtage, to ridicule him, and invented ſo many ſtrange fables concerning him: all this they did againſt one man, at the feaſt of Bacchus; it was part indeed, of the ſolemnity: he is a laughter-loving god, and rejoices, perhaps, in this kind of diverſion. But this man, with malice prepenſe, and after long preparation, calls all the great people together, makes up a large volume of abuſe, and, with a ſounding voice, pours it forth upon Plato, Pythagoras, Ariſtotle, Chryſippus, myſelf, and all

of

of you, without any ſpecious excuſe of a public feſtival, or the leaſt provocation from us; had he been injured, indeed, it had been more pardonable: but, which is worſe than all, he pretends to do theſe things in your name, and, taking Dialogue, our intimate friend and acquaintance, makes uſe of him as brother-actor, and fellow-combatant againſt us. Moreover, he has prevailed on our companion, Menippus, to join in farces with him: you will pleaſe to obſerve, that he alone, of all our companions, is not here to aſſiſt in the accuſation, but has betrayed the common cauſe, and abſented himſelf on purpoſe.

For all theſe crimes, moſt noble judges, it is meet he ſhould ſuffer condign puniſhment. What, indeed, can he ſay in his defence againſt the proof of ſo many witneſſes? Beſides, that it will be right to make an example of him, and deter others from the like contempt of Philoſophy hereafter: whereas, if you quietly ſubmit to the injury, it will be deſervedly called, not temperance and moderation, but indolence and folly. For who would bear ſuch an affront as the laſt which he put upon us, when he brought us into the market-place, like ſo many ſlaves, appointed a crier, and ſold ſome of us for an Attic mina, ſome for more; me, in particular, the raſcal diſpoſed of for two oboli, to the no ſmall diverſion of the ſpectators. Theſe, O Philoſophy, are the reaſons of our returning thus to earth, to ſhew our indignation againſt him, and,

affronted

affronted as we have been, to requeſt that you will revenge us.

PLATO.

Well argued, Diogenes; you have ſaid every thing, and moſt excellently, that could be ſaid for every one of us.

PHILOSOPHY.

Let us have no encomiums, but * pour in for the defendant. Parrheſiades, it is your turn to ſpeak: your water flows now; therefore, without farther delay, begin immediately.

† PARRHESIADES.

Know then, O Philoſophy, that Diogenes has not advanced every thing againſt me which he might have done, but, for what reaſon I know not, has paſſed over many accuſations, much heavier than any he has yet produced: for my own part, ſo far am I from denying any thing I have ſaid, or thinking that it ſtands in need of a defence in this place, that I had reſolved before I came here, that whatever he might forget to mention, or I had not thought of before, I would now take the oppor-

* *Pour in.*] i. e. Pour the water into the hour-glaſs. See note on the clepſydra.

† *Parrheſiades.*] i. e. Lucian, who had taken upon him the name of Parrheſiades, or the Free Speaker. Seneca, in like manner, calls Democharес, Parrheſiades, "ita, ſays he, ob nimiam & procacem linguam appellatus." See Seneca de Tran. lib. iii.

tunity

tunity to add, that you might be a better judge what kind of men I put up to ſale, and branded with the name of boaſters and hypocrites: above all, I muſt beg you to obſerve, that I have ſaid nothing of any man but what is true: and, if the reflections appear harſh or cruel, thoſe who do the evil are to blame, and not I, who accuſe them of it. At my firſt ſetting out in the law, I perceived ſo much deceit, lying, impudence, noiſe, quarrelling, and a thouſand more things, neceſſarily attendant on the profeſſion, that, diſguſted at them, as I muſt naturally be, I threw it aſide, turned my mind, O Philoſophy, towards thy beauties, and reſolved, like one eſcaped from ſtorm and tempeſt, into a peaceful haven, to ſpend the reſt of my life under your patronage and protection. No ſooner did I become acquainted with, but I admired both you, and theſe guides to happineſs and virtue: ſtretching out their hands to all who are willing to meet you; inculcating the beſt and moſt ſalutary precepts in the minds of thoſe who will not depart from them, but, keeping their footſteps firm, and their eyes always fixed on the rules preſcribed by you, direct their lives according to them, which, indeed, but few, even of your followers, are able to perform. But when I beheld ſuch numbers, not ſmitten with the love of Philoſophy, but from a thirſt after that glory and honour, which accompany her; by thoſe external appearances, which all may eaſily put on, aping the good and great in their beard, their habit,

habit, or their walk; and, at the ſame time, in their lives and manners, belying their profeſſion, debaſing its dignity, and acting in direct oppoſition to your precepts; I muſt own, I could not look upon them without indignation. They ſeemed to me like ſome tragic actor, who, though ſoft and effeminate himſelf, ſhould play the part of Achilles, or Theſeus, or Hercules, without any thing of the hero, either in his voice or gait, and delicate and enervated, under the maſk of ſtrength and valour. Helen and Polyxena, would never bear ſuch baſe reſemblances, and the victorious Hercules would ſoon, with his club, deſtroy the hero, for thus ignominiouſly making a woman of him.

In the ſame manner, when I ſaw you miſrepreſented, I could not bear ſuch ſhameful acting; to behold our apes thus putting on the appearance of heroes; to ſee them imitating the aſs of * Cumæ, who, putting on the lion's ſkin, and roaring dreadfully, thought he might paſs among the Cumæans for a real lion, till the ſtranger, who often had ſeen both, and could diſtinguiſh one from the other, diſcovered, and drove him off with a good threſhing. But what appeared to me, O Philoſophy, of

* *The aſs of Cumæ*] Cumæ was an ancient town of Campania, in Italy, where Tully had a ſeat, called Prædium Cumanum. Lucian here alludes to the known fable of the aſs in the lion's ſkin, which we meet with in Æſop, who, however, has not, as I remember, honoured him ſo far as to mention the place of his nativity.

all

all things moſt intolerable, was, that when theſe men acted fooliſhly, wickedly, and unbecomingly, every body laid the blame on you, and immediately abuſed Chryſippus, Plato, Pythagoras, or whatever philoſopher's name they had aſſumed, or whoſe precepts they had pretended to adopt; from the bad lives of theſe men, the world formed a reſemblance of your's. Had you been alive, this would never have happened; but you were long ſince departed, and theſe they every day ſaw living in a moſt ſhameful and diſhonourable manner; thus you are accuſed with them, and brought under the ſame condemnation. Theſe things I could not ſuffer; I attacked them, therefore, and endeavoured to diſcriminate you from each other; and for this, inſtead of thanking me for it, you bring me to juſtice. Were I to ſee any of the initiated dancing unſeemly ‡ out of his place, and revealing the myſteries of the § goddeſſes, and, being in-

‡ *Out of his place.*] See Lucian's Treatiſe on Dancing.

§ *The goddeſſes.*] Ceres and Proſerpine. Lucian here alludes to the Theſmophoria, or feaſts of Ceres the Legiſlatreſs, celebrated every five years. Cicero calls them μυστηρια, and initia, uſually divided into the great and the little, the former in honour of Ceres, the latter of Proſerpine. The perſon who initiated to the myſteries, was called the hierophantes, or chief prieſt, whoſe buſineſs, and whoſe alone it was, τα Ελευσινια ανοιξαι, i. e. to reveal the myſtery of Eleuſis: he had likewiſe the title of myſtagogus. If any perſon divulged the myſteries of theſe ſacred rites, it was accounted unlaſe to abide under the ſame roof with him.

cenſed,

cenſed, ſhould fall upon and reprove him, would you call me impious? that would be the higheſt injuſtice. When any actor repreſents Jupiter, Neptune, or Minerva, and does not perform his part ſuitable to the dignity of the character, thoſe who preſide over the ſacred feſtivals frequently chaſtiſe them for it, nor are the gods angry with the executioners for puniſhing thoſe who thus miſrepreſent them, but rather favour and applaud their defenders; for to act vilely the part of a ſervant or meſſenger, is a ſmall fault; but to give the ſpectators a falſe idea of a Jove, or a Hercules, is moſt ſhameful and abominable.

The moſt abſurd thing of all is, that moſt of theſe men, who ſo diligently apply themſelves to the ſtudy of your doctrines, live, at the ſame time, as if they only read and admired, with the deſign of acting directly contrary to them. When they tell us, for inſtance, that they deſpiſe glory and riches, that nothing can be good that is not honeſt, that we ſhould never be angry, that we ſhould hold the great in contempt, and treat them as our equals, all this is right, and wiſe, and worthy of admiration; and yet the very men who teach theſe things, are paid for it, are perpetually gaping after wealth, and paying their court to the rich; more curſt than lapdogs, more timid than hares: aſſes are not ſo lewd, cats ſo rapacious, or game-cocks ſo quarrelſome. How truly ridiculous it is to ſee them hunting one another from great men's doors; preſent at every good ſupper, and finding fault with every thing

thing at it, and philoſophiſing in their cups, and ſaying the moſt fooliſh and diſagreeable things, when the wine is too much for them: whilſt the gueſts laugh, and are heartily ſick of ſuch philoſophy.

But the worſt of all is, to hear them crying out that they want nothing: that the wiſe man alone is truly rich: and, a little after, aſking for money, and being highly offended if you do not give it to them: juſt as if a man with a tiara, a diadem, and all the enſigns of royalty about him, ſhould go a begging. When they receive any thing themſelves, you are ſure to have an oration about the equal partition of every good, and the vanity of riches: for what, ſay they, are gold and ſilver, are they not like the ſand on the ſea ſhore? But if an old friend or acquaintance comes to aſk them for any thing, then it is all poverty, ſilence, or denial, and every thing they had ſaid is retracted: all their fine ſpeeches about friendſhip and virtue are gone, we know not where, like ſo many birds, all fled; as if words were only meant to fight ſham battles with in their ſchools and public meetings. As long as there is no gold or ſilver before them, they are very good friends; but ſhew them a ſingle farthing, and the peace is broken immediately; there is no longer any order or agreement amongſt them; they are juſt like the dogs; throw but a bone, they all ſally out, bite one another, and bark at him that carries it off.

Once upon a time, a certain Ægyptian monarch, we are told, taught ſome apes to dance the * Pyrrhic dance; the beaſts (for they mimic every human action), ſoon learned their leſſon, and ſkipped about in maſks, and purple robes, and the ſight pleaſed for a long time; till an arch fellow, who came as a ſpectator, took ſome nuts out of his boſom, and threw a handful amongſt them, when the performers immediately forget their profeſſion, and, from Pyrrhic dancers, returned to mere apes again, tore off their maſks and cloaths, and went to fighting for the fruit: thus was the celebrity at once diſſolved, to the great diverſion of the ſpectators. And juſt in the ſame manner do theſe men act. Theſe I have expoſed, nor will I ever ceaſe to detect their frauds, to laugh at, and to ridicule them: but of you, and ſuch as reſemble you (for many ſtill there are who follow true philoſophy, and obſerve your laws), I were mad indeed, to utter any thing ſevere, or diſreſpectful. What, indeed, could I ſay, or what is there in your lives ſimilar to theirs? But, ſurely, to deteſt thoſe who are inſolent to men, and hateful to the gods, is meritorious. What is there in you, Pythagoras, or Plato, or Ariſtotle, or Chryſippus, that has the leaſt ſimilitude with them? As the proverb ſays, it is † Hercules and the ape: do

* *Pyrrhic dance.*] For an account of this, ſee Lucian's Treatiſe on Dancing.

† *Hercules, &c.*] A proverbial expreſſion, to ſignify two things as different as poſſible from each other.

they

they imagine themſelves like you, becauſe they wear long beards, put on auſtere faces, and philoſophize? I could even bear all this, if they acted their parts well; but a vulture more reſembles the nightingale, than they do the real philoſopher.

I have done; and now, O Truth, I call on thee to bear teſtimony for me, whether theſe things are ſo.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrheſiades, retire a little.—And now, what are we to do? How do you think he has acquitted himſelf?

VIRTUE.

I muſt own, O Philoſophy, whilſt he ſpoke I was ready to ſink into the earth, ſo true was every thing he ſaid, and all the time knew very well whom he alluded to; ſuch a one, I ſaid to myſelf, did this; and another, that he pointed out the men, as clearly as the painter who draws a perfect likeneſs, and with his pencil expreſſes, not only the features and limbs of the body, but the very ſouls of thoſe whom he would repreſent.

PHILOSOPHY.

In good truth, Virtue, I bluſhed alſo: but what is your opinion?

PLATO.

What can it be, but that he ſtands acquitted of the crimes imputed to him, and deſerves to be publicly acknowledged as our common friend and benefactor. Like the Trojans of old, we have

raiſed up this tragedian againſt us, to ſing concerning our misfortunes; but let him ſing on, and declaim againſt thoſe who are hateful to the gods.

DIOGENES.

Philoſophy, I join my ſuffrage alſo in commendation of him, retract my accuſation, and henceforth ſhall place him in the number of my beſt and worthieſt friends.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrheſiades, well done: you are unanimouſly acquitted, and now we admit you as one of us.

PARRHESIADES.

I began in an humble and beſeeching ſtyle, I muſt now riſe to tragic ſublimity, as more becoming my condition: therefore,

* Now, ſplendid vict'ry, know me for thy own,
And with the flow'ry wreath my brows adorn.

VICTORY.

Let us now taſte of the other cup, and puniſh thoſe who have abuſed us. Parrheſiades ſhall indict them one after another.

PARRHESIADES.

That is right: you, young Syllogiſm there, turn towards the city, and call up the Philoſophers.

† SYLLOGISM.

Silence, there! Do you hear, Philoſophers? You muſt

* *Now ſplendid, &c.*] See the Oreſtes of Euripides, laſt ſpeech.

† *Syllogiſm.*] Making a perſon of Syllogiſm, and employing

muſt come immediately to the Acropolis, to take your trials at the tribunal of Juſtice, Virtue, and Philoſophy.

PARRHESIADES.

You ſee how few of them obey the ſummons; they are afraid of Juſtice; beſides, that moſt of them are ſo buſy about the great, they cannot find time to come. If you have a mind to bring them all together, you muſt harangue them thus——

PHILOSOPHY.

Well, do you call them then yourſelf.

PARRHESIADES.

Nothing ſo eaſy. Silence there! Let all thoſe, who call themſelves philoſophers, and go by that name, repair immediately to the Acropolis, to partake of a public donation. To each man will be given two minæ, and a cake of Indian corn. Whoever has a very long beard, ſhall be intitled to a baſket of figs into the bargain. Of wiſdom, temperance, or juſtice, they need not bring any with them, as theſe things are totally unneceſſary; provided every one of them has at leaſt five ſyllogiſms, without which it is impoſſible to be wiſe:

* Before them, lo, two golden talents lay,
Who wrangles beſt, ſhall bear the prize away.

ing him as a crier, to ſummon the Philoſophers together, has no ſmall degree of humour in it. Lucian is remarkably happy in his dramatis perſonæ.

* *Before them, &c.*] A parody of two lines in Homer's deſcription

Look what a heap of them there is, ſhoving one another on, only at the ſound of the two minæ: ſome are got about the † Pelaſgicon, ſome about Æſculapius's temple, ſome round the Areopagus, and ſome to ‡ Talus's ſepulchre, others are planting ladders againſt the temple of the § Dioſcuri, and ſwarming up like bees, or ſo many cluſters of grapes: to ſpeak with Homer,

‖ Thick as in ſpring, the flow'rs adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees ——

In a very little time the Acropolis will be full; what a buſtle they make! Beards, flattery, ſcrips, impudence, clubs, gluttony, ſyllogiſms, and ava-

deſcription of Achilles' ſhield, in the 19th book of the Iliad, l. 507. Lucian has changed the words of the ſecond line, from

Τω δομεν—ὃς μετα τοισι δικην ιθυνταλα εἰπη
To Τω δομεν—ὃς μετα πασιν εριζεμεν εξοχος ειη.
Qui reliquos rixa ſuperaverit omnes.

† *The Pelaſgicon.*] The north wall, or Pelaſgicon, ſo called from its founders the Pelaſgi, cloſe to the citadel, which was adorned with innumerable edifices, ſtatues, and monuments.—See Potter's Deſcription of Athens.

‡ *Talus's ſepulchre.*] See Ορχ, cap. 49, and Φιλοψ cap. 29.

§ *Dioſcuri.*] The Ανακειον, or temple of the Dioſcuri (Caſtor and Pollux,) who were called Ανακες. In this place ſlaves were expoſed to ſale.

‖ *Thick as, &c.*] See Pope's Homer, book ii. l. 551.

rice,

rice, all crouding together. The few that were come up at the firſt ſummons are ſcarce to be ſeen; having no particular mark, they are loſt in the croud, and from the ſimilitude of habit, are eaſily concealed. This, indeed, is ſhameful, and what moſt people blame you for, Philoſophy, that you put no mark on theſe men, to diſtinguiſh them by: the impoſtors, to ſay the truth, to all outward appearance look moſt like philoſophers.

PHILOSOPHY.

This may be done by and by; in the mean time let us receive a few of theſe gentlemen.

A Croud of PLATONICS.

We, Platonics, ought to be taken firſt.

PYTHAGOREANS.

No: we Pythagoreans; for Pythagoras was firſt in order of time.

STOICS.

Nonſenſe and folly: we, from the Portico, are better than all of you.

PERIPATETICS.

No ſuch thing, when money is concerned; we *Peripatetics, are certainly the firſt to be conſidered.

EPICUREANS.

Give us, Epicureans, the cakes; we will wait

* *We Peripatetics, &c.*] Becauſe riches were by this ſect ranked amongſt the bona, or moſt valuable things in this life: for the ſame reaſon the Epicureans, who were fond of good eating, take the cakes.

for

for the minæ, and you may give them to us the laſt.

ACADEMICIANS.

Where are the two talents? we, Academicians, will ſoon convince you we are the beſt diſputants.

STOICS.

Not whilſt we Stoics are preſent.

PHILOSOPHY.

Let us have no quarrelling: you, Cynics, there, do not croud ſo, nor beat one another with your clubs; you are called here for a very different purpoſe. Virtue, Truth, and myſelf ſhall now examine you, and ſee which of you are true philoſophers: thoſe amongſt you who ſhall be found to live according to our dictates, ſhall be happy, and meet with our approbation; but the wicked, and the hypocrite, who do not belong to us, we ſhall treat as they deſerve, that they may not for the future, from pride and affectation, pretend to ſuch things as are above them.—How is this? By Jove, they are all fled, jump'd, I know not how many of them, down the precipice, and gone off; the Acropolis is empty, and none left but two or three, who are not afraid of Juſtice. Boy, take up that ſcrip the Cynic dropped in his flight: let us ſee what it contains, ſome lupines, perhaps, or a book, or a ſcrap of black bread.

PARRHESIADES.

No ſuch thing; but ſome gold, a box of ointment,

ment, a *knife for a ſacrificial feaſt, a looking-glaſs, and a pair of dice.

PHILOSOPHY.

Well done, Philoſopher; are theſe the implements of your profeſſion? thus provided, you think yourſelf enabled to inſtruct your pupils, and abuſe every body elſe.

PARRHESIADES.

Such they are in general: but as this is not known to every body, it lays upon you to diſtinguiſh and point out which amongſt them are really good men, and which the contrary: you, O Truth, muſt find this out; for it concerns you nearly, to prevent Falſehood's prevailing againſt you, and the bad, through ignorance and error, mingling with the juſt and honeſt.

TRUTH.

With your leave, Philoſophy, we will let this office devolve on Parrheſiades, who has ſhewn himſelf our truſty friend, and your moſt faithful admirer; let him, therefore, taking Proof and Conviction along with him, judge and determine concerning theſe men, who call themſelves philoſophers: whenever he finds one really and truly ſo, crown him with an olive garland, and call

* *A knife, &c.*] The Cynics, like our modern Methodiſts, pretended much to ſelf-denial, abſtinence and ſobriety; but, as Lucian intimates, were, like them, mere pretenders; who indulged privately in the gratification of every ſenſual appetite.

him

him to the † Prytaneum: if, on the other hand, he ſhould light on a raſcal, (and many ſuch there are, who only play the part of philoſophers,) let him take off his cloak, and with a knife, ſuch as they ſhave goats with, ſlice off his beard cloſe to the ſkin, then put a mark on his forehead, or burn it in between his eye-brows; and let the impreſſion be a fox, or an ape.

PHILOSOPHY.

An excellent method! the proof, then, Parrheſiades, will be, like that of the eagles before the ſun; not that I mean they ſhould look againſt it, or be tried by that; but by gold, glory, and pleaſure; if, when you place theſe before them, you find any one that ſhall ſeem to deſpiſe, or is not attracted by them, let him be crowned with an olive branch: but, if you ſee one fixing his eyes upon the gold, and graſping at it, be ſure you firſt cut off his beard, and then cauteriſe him.

PARRHESIADES.

It ſhall be done as you direct: you will ſoon ſee three parts of them marked with a fox, or an ape; and a few, perhaps, crowned with laurel: but, if you pleaſe, I will produce two or three of them.

PHILOSOPHY.

What! bring thoſe back again that are ran away?

† *Prytaneum.*] The common-hall, or court of juſtice, near the ſenate houſe at Athens.

PAR-

PARRHESIADES.

Yes: if your high prieſteſs there, will lend me that hook and line, which the fiſherman left as an offering in the* Piræum.

PRIESTESS.

There, take them, rod and all.

PARRHESIADES.

Cannot you give me a few figs too, and a little gold?

PRIESTESS.

There is ſome for you?

PHILOSOPHY.

What is he going about?

PRIESTESS.

He has baited his hooks with the gold and the figs, ſits o' top of the wall, and lets it down into the city.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrheſiades, what are you fiſhing for? Stones from the Pelaſgicum?

PARRHESIADES.

Silence, I beg, and mark what I ſhall catch. Do thou, O fiſhing Neptune, and thou, dear Amphitrite, grant me good ſport! I think I ſee a fine wolf, or rather a † chryſophrys.

ELENCHUS.

No, it is a ſea dog; he gapes at the hook, he

* *Piræum.*] The great Athenian haven, by the lower city.

† *Chryſophrys.*] A gold-fiſh, or, perhaps, what we call a cruſian, from the colour of it reſembling gold.

ſmells

ſmells the gold; he comes near, he has got it, we have him; let us draw him up.

PARRHESIADES.

Put your hand upon the line; here he is. Now, my noble fiſh, what are you? let us ſee. O Hercules! this is a dog. What teeth he has got! So, I have caught you, my honeſt friend, feeding deliciouſly amongſt the rocks, where, I ſuppoſe, you thought you might lie hid with ſafety; but you ſhall be ſeen now, for I will hang you up by the gills; we will take off the bait. O ho! the hook is bare, the figs devoured, and the gold is gone down into his belly.

DIOGENES.

Then, by Jove, he ſhall give it us up again; the bait may ſerve for another.

PARRHESIADES.

What ſay you, Diogenes, do you know who he is? Does he belong to you?

DIOGENES.

Not he, indeed.

PARRHESIADES.

What is he worth? I valued him, I think, before, at two oboli.

DIOGENES.

It was a great deal too much; for he is not fit to eat, horribly ugly, very harſh, and, in ſhort, worth nothing. Throw him down headlong from the rock, and try for another; but take care you do not break your rod.

PAR-

PARRHESIADES.

O, never fear; they are light enough, they do not weigh more than a tad-pole.

DIOGENES.

True, they are, as you ſay, * moſt tad-pole like creatures, indeed; up with them, however.

PARRHESIADES.

Here comes a fine broad † flat fiſh, that looks as if he was cut in two; he gapes at the hook like a ſparrow; he has ſwallowed it, we have him: draw him up; who is it?

DIOGENES.

He calls himſelf a Platonic.

PLATO.

What, do you bite at the gold? raſcal.

PARRHESIADES.

Well, Plato, what ſhall we do with him?

PLATO.

Throw him down the ſame rock.

DIOGENES.

Come, now let down your hook for another.

* *Moſt tad-pole like.*] Των αφυων πλαφροτεροι, ſays Lucian, to which Diogenes replies, αφυεστατοι γε. The original, we may obſerve, as the learned reader will perceive, is a pun on the words, and, conſequently, untranſlatable.

† *Flat-fiſh.*] Lucian calls it, ο πλατυς platys, which he meant for another pun, as bordering on Plato. The fiſh alluded to was, probably, what the Germans call halbeſche. With us, I believe, it goes by the name of a hollybutt, not unlike a turbot.

PARRHESIADES.

Yonder is a beautiful one coming, one may ſee him quite at the bottom, ſpotted all over with various colours, and ſcales of gold upon his back: ſee there: O this is an Ariſtotelian: here he comes, now he ſwims back again: obſerve him carefully; he is returned, he bites, he is caught: pull him up.

ARISTOTLE.

Do not aſk me about the fellow. I know nothing of him.

PARRHESIADES.

Then I ſhall down with him after the others.

DIOGENES.

See, ſee, yonder is a heap of them together, all of the ſame colour, prickly, monſtrous ugly, and harder to catch than * crab-fiſh. We muſt have a drag-net for them; but there is never a one at hand: well, let us catch one, that will be ſufficient: the boldeſt of them, perhaps, will bite.

ELENCHUS.

Let down your line, but you had better cover it firſt with iron, or they will ſnap it in two with their teeth.

PARRHESIADES.

There it goes: now Neptune, be propitious. O ho! they are fighting for the bait: ſome are

* *Crab-fiſh.*] The echinus, or erinaceus. Lucian ſays they are prickly, alluding to the thorny ſubtleties of the Stoics. Severitarem & ſpinoſas Stoicorum ſubtilitates carpit, ſays the commentator.

gnawing

gnawing the figs, others lay hold of the gold: very well: look, one of the ſtrongeſt of them has got the hook in him: let me ſee, what do you call yourſelf? but I am a fool to expect a fiſh will talk to me; for they are all mute. Tell me, Elenchus, who is his maſter?

ELENCHUS.

Chryſippus.

PARRHESIADES.

True. I ſee it is; one might know that, indeed, by the * name. Do you, therefore, O Chryſippus, by Minerva, I entreat you, tell me, do you know theſe men, or did you teach them to act as they do?

CHRYSIPPUS.

You affront me, Parrheſiades, by that queſtion; can you imagine I have any thing to do with ſuch fellows as theſe?

PARRHESIADES.

Well ſaid, Chryſippus, ſpoke like a man: ſo down he goes head long with the reſt. It is a prickly rogue, and would break any man's teeth who ſhould attempt to eat him.

PHILOSOPHY.

We will bait for no more, Parrheſiades, for fear one of them ſhould run away with the hook and gold together; and then you muſt apply to the †

* *By the name.*] Another pun. Chryſippus, from χρυσος, chryſus, gold; alluding to the bait they were ſo eaſily caught with.

† *The prieſteſs*] The reader will recollect, that the gold they

prieſteſs again. Come, we will even take our walk: do you return to the place from whence you came, that you may not ſtay beyond your limited time: you, Parrheſiades and Elenchus, muſt go about to them all, and either crown or ſtigmatize them, as I commanded you.

PARRHESIADES.

It ſhall be done: moſt noble friends, fare ye well. You and I, Elenchus, muſt go down and do as we are ordered. Which way ſhall we ſteer our courſe firſt? to the Academy or the Portico? we will begin at the Lyceum: but it is no matter where; all I know is, wherever we go we ſhall want very few crowns, but a number of hot irons to mark with.

they baited with was lent them by the prieſteſs, as well as the rod and line, which Lucian tells us ſome fiſhermen had left as an offering in the Piræum.

FINIS.

The ARGUMENT.

This Treatiſe is of the didactic kind, as it delivers inſtructions and rules for writing Hiſtory. It is divided into two parts: in the firſt, (after having ſhewed the true end and buſineſs of Hiſtory, and confuted thoſe who propoſe two ends for Hiſtory, namely uſeful Inſtruction and Pleaſure); the Author takes a view of the faults that ought to be avoided, as well in the Diction and Compoſition as in relation to the ſubject matter: and this he does by examples, ſhewing how ſeveral writers have erred, and to what heads their faults are to be referred. In the ſecond part; firſt, he teaches what qualifications one who ſets out to write an Hiſtory ought to be poſſeſſed of, and what previouſly, and, as it were from home, he ſhould be provided with; next, he lays down precepts about the ſubject matter, then about the ſtile and diction, and laſtly, about the ſeveral parts of the work: in this part too, he confirms his precepts by examples.—He begins with the occaſion of his writing, which he illuſtrates by the compariſon of a diſorder that fell upon the people of Abdera.

A

TREATISE

ON

The Art of Writing Hiſtory.

§ 1. THEY ſay, my worthy Philo, that during the reign of Lyſimachus, a diſorder of this kind broke out among the inhabitants of Abdera; that at firſt they were all ſeized (epidemically) with a fever, raging violently even from the firſt day, and without intermiſſion: but that about the ſeventh day, with ſome, a copious effuſion of blood from their noſtrils; with others, a perſpiration, (and that too in abundance) abated the fever. However it reduced their minds to a ſtate truly ridiculous, for they were all turned aſtray into a fit of tragedizing, pronounced Iambics, and ranted aloud; but eſpecially they ſeverally chanted the Andromeda of Euripides, and in melodious ſtrains repeated the ſpeech of Perſeus: and ſo the city was filled intire-

ly with theſe pale, emaciated, ſeventh-day tragedians, exclaiming with a loud voice,

" *But thou the tyrant of the gods and men,*
" *O Love, &c.*"

and other paſſages: and this too inceſſantly, till the winter and intenſe cold coming on put an end to their delirium. I am of opinion that Archelaus the tragedian, in great vogue at that time, was the occaſion of this event, by performing before them the tragedy of Andromeda, during a very hot ſeaſon in the middle of ſummer, ſo that many were taken ill of the fever upon leaving the theatre, and riſing from their ſeats fell afterwards into this fit of tragedizing, Andromeda ſtill ſtrongly and delightfully haunting their memory, and Perſeus with his Meduſa hovering about their imaginations.

§ 2. To compare then, as they ſay, one thing with another, that Abderite fit has even in our time ſeized on many of the men of letters; not indeed that they turn tragedians, for even in that they would betray leſs folly, faſcinated with others Iambics and thoſe good ones too; but from the beginning of the preſent affairs, I mean the war againſt the Barbarians, the loſs ſuſtained in Armenia and the ſucceſſive victories obtained afterwards, there is not one that does not write a hiſtory, or rather we have

have them all, Thucydideſes, Herodotuſes and Xenophons: and, as it ſeems, that was a true ſaying, '*War was the parent of all things*,' ſince it has produced ſo many writers by one campaign.

§ 3. Upon my obſerving and hearing of theſe things, my friend, I recollected the behaviour of the philoſopher of Sinope; for when news was brought, that Philip was juſt going to invade their territories, the Corinthians were all in commotion, and ſet themſelves buſily to work, one providing arms, another bringing ſtones, a third repairing the wall, a fourth ſtrengthening a buttreſs, and another labouring at ſome other requiſite piece of buſineſs. Diogenes obſerving this, as he had nothing to do, (for no one choſe to employ him) tucking up his cloak, with great earneſtneſs as well as the reſt, rolled about the earthen tub he uſed to live in, up and down the Craneum; and upon one of his acquaintances aſking him, "why do you do this, Diogenes?" "I too am buſy, ſays he, rolling my tub, that I may not appear the only idle perſon among ſo many at work."

§ 4. And I too in like manner, Philo, that I may not be ſilent at a time when ſuch a diſplay of ſpeech prevails, nor paſs along, gaping in dumb ſhow, like a life-guard on the ſtage, thought proper to roll my tub to the beſt of my abilities, not indeed in writing a hiſtory, nor in relating events

themſelves. I am not ſo preſumptuous, nor need you be under any apprehenſions for me on this head; for I am ſenſible how great the danger is for any one to roll his tub along the craggy way, and particularly ſuch a little veſſel as this of mine, not moulded of the firmeſt ſtuff: for I ſhould preſently have occaſion, upon ſtriking on ſome little ſtone, to ſet about picking up the fragments.—I ſhall therefore explain to you what is my intention, and how I ſhall take a part in this war, without danger, ſtationing myſelf beyond the reach of weapons. I ſhall prudently withdraw myſelf indeed from the vanity, inquietude and anxiety which attend on writing, but ſhall offer a ſmall treatiſe of advice and theſe few hints to authors, ſo as to have a ſhare with them in the ſtructure of the edifice, though not in the honor of the Inſcription, by touching (as it were) the cement with the top of my finger.

§ 5 But moſt people are of opinion that they have no occaſion for advice in this buſineſs, no more than they have for an art of walking, or ſeeing or eating; but that to write a hiſtory is a very eaſy, obvious matter, and what any one may do, that can expreſs his thoughts. But this you are ſenſible of yourſelf, my friend, that it is not to be reckoned among the eaſieſt performances, nor ſuch as will admit of being done indolently; but that it above all other ſpecies of writing requires much conſideration, if one deſigns to compoſe (as Thycidides expreſſes

expreſſes it) an *Eternal poſſeſſion.* I am aware, therefore, that I ſhall not engage the favourable attention of many of them, but that to ſome I ſhall appear odious; particularly to as many as have already finiſhed and publiſhed a hiſtory: but in caſe ſuch hiſtory ſhould have been praiſed too by thoſe who have heard it read, it would be madneſs to entertain hopes that ſuch writers would reform and correct any part of what has been once ratified, and, as it were, conſigned to the pa'aces of kings. But nevertheleſs it will not be amiſs that theſe remarks ſhall have been addreſſed even to them; that if at any time a war ſhould break out either between the Celts and the Getæ, or between the Indians and Bactrians, (for no nation will dare to wage war againſt us, as they are all now ſubdued) they may have it in their power to write better by applying this rule; if it appear to them a proper one; but if not, they may adjuſt their performance by the ſame ſtandard, as at preſent; nor will the phyſician be much chagrined at all the Abderites wilfully perſevering in acting the tragedy of Andromeda.

§ 6. But as the buſineſs of advice is two-fold, (for it teaches to chooſe ſome things, and to avoid others:) let us point out, firſt what a writer of hiſtory ought to avoid, and from what faults he ought to be particularly free; then what by adopting he cannot miſs the ſtraight and direct courſe. As to what

what exordium he ought to uſe, and what method he ought to adopt in the arrangement of the matter, and the due limits to be obſerved in treating each ſubject, what ought to be entirely omitted, what dwelt on, and what it would be better to touch upon ſlightly—the diſcuſſion of theſe conſiderations and others of a like nature I ſhall defer: at preſent let us treat of thoſe faults which bad writers are ſubject to.—It would be tedious to enumerate the uſual faults of writings in general, in the diction, in the compoſition, in the ſentiments, and thoſe proceeding from unſkilfulneſs in other reſpects. To enumerate theſe, I ſay, would be tedious, and unſuitable to my preſent deſign; but as I ſaid the common faults of all writings are either in the diction or in the compoſition.

§ 7. If you take notice you may diſcern the faults committed in writing hiſtory to be ſuch as I have remarked myſelf, upon frequently liſtening to the recital of ſuch performances, and particularly if you will give ear to all thoſe publications. But in the mean time it would not be unſeaſonable to mention, for example ſake, ſome hiſtories that have been compoſed already in this exceptionable manner. And firſt, let us obſerve how great a fault they commit in this, that many of them neglecting to relate events, dwell on the praiſes of governors and generals; highly extolling their countrymen, but immoderately depreciating the enemy; ignorant that hiſto-

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ry and panegyric are ſeparated from each other, and all communication between them obſtructed by no narrow Iſthmus, but that an inſuperable barrier is interpoſed between them, and as the muſicians ſay, they are a whole gamut wide of each other; ſince the only concern of a panegyriſt, is to praiſe and gratify the ſubject of his eulogium, by every means whatſoever in his power, and if he has the good-fortune to obtain his end even by a ſacrifice of truth, he need trouble himſelf very little with that ſcruple: but hiſtory cannot endure even the ſlighteſt falſhood, no more than the rough artery, according to phyſicians, will bear any thing ſwallowed into it unchewed.

§ 8. Beſides ſuch writers ſeem ignorant that poetry and poems have diſtinct deſigns and peculiar rules, not to be confounded with thoſe of hiſtory, which has others proper to itſelf; for in thoſe, unbounded liberty takes place, and there is but one law, namely the fancy of the poet; for if in the moment of poetic rapture, he ſhould take it in his head to yoke a ſet of winged horſes, or ſet others to ſpeed their courſe on the ſurface of the water, or on the tops of the ears of corn, yet he is not to be cenſured: nor when the poets Jove, drawing them up with a ſingle chain, ſuſpends both earth and ſea together, do they dread leſt, the chain breaking, the whole maſs tumbled headlong ſhould burſt in ruin. And if they have a mind to praiſe Agamemnon, no one will forbid him having his head and eyes compared

pared to Jove's, or his breaſt to his brother Neptune's, or his girdle, to that of Mars; and indeed Ærope's and Atreus' ſon muſt needs be deſcribed by the combined perfections of all the deities; for neither Jove, nor Neptune, nor Mars, was ſingly ſufficient fully to exemplify his beauty. But if hiſtory contain any ſuch flattery, what elſe does it become, but proſaic poetry? deſtitute indeed of that pomp of language, but betraying the other extravagancies of fiction naked of metre, and more conſpicuouſly for that very reaſon. It is therefore a great, or rather a moſt enormous fault, not to know how to keep diſtinct the provinces of hiſtory and poetry, but to introduce into hiſtory the paltry ornaments of the other, namely fiction and panegyric, with monſtrous exceſs in theſe; as if any one were to dreſs out an Athlete, (one of thoſe ſtout and very robuſt fellows) with purple and other harlot-like apparel, and rub his face with red and white, O Hercules! how ridiculous a figure he would make of him, diſgracing him by that frippery ornament!

§ 9. And in ſaying this, I do not mean that commendation is never to be beſtowed in hiſtory, but that it ought to be beſtowed on ſuitable occaſions, and regulated by this rule, namely, that it muſt not be diſguſting to thoſe who ſhall read it hereafter; and in general, ſuch works ought to be applied to the conſideration of future times as a rule to adjuſt theſe writings by, as we ſhall demonſtrate by and by. ——But do you obſerve how much they are miſtaken

miſtaken who imagine themſelves right in dividing the end of hiſtory into two, Pleaſure and Inſtruction? and ſo introduce panegyric into it, as a pleaſing ingredient, and agreeable to readers; miſtaken; I ſay, firſt in uſing a fallacious diviſion, for the ſole buſineſs and end of hiſtory is uſeful inſtruction, which is the reſult of truth only; but as to the agreeable, it is better indeed if that too accompany it, as beauty be a concomitant perfection of an Athlete, but if not, *it is no eſſential defect*, juſt as his having an extremely ugly countenance would be no objection to Nicoſtratus's (the ſon of Iſidotus) being reckoned in the liſt of eminent Athletes with Hercules at their head; ſince he was a brave man and ſtouter than either of his antagoniſts (Alcæus the handſome Mileſian, for whom Nicoſtratus entertained an affection, was a competitor of his). And therefore, if hiſtory, beſides its own proper buſineſs, procure alſo entertainment, it will attract many admirers. But as long as it poſſeſſes its peculiar perfection, I mean, the manifeſtation of truth, it will be little anxious for beauty.

§ 10. It is proper alſo to remark, both, that an exceſs of fiction is not pleaſing in hiſtory, and that the laviſhment of praiſes is particularly an impediment in the minds of the hearers to the attainment of either end, entertainment or inſtruction; if you regard, not merely the dregs, and common claſs of the populace, but thoſe who will liſten critically, ay

and

and indeed with a malicious ſpirit of cavilling; whoſe obſervation nothing can eſcape; for they are ſharper ſighted than Argus, having eyes all about them, examining every paſſage with the caution of a money-dealer, immediately rejecting the counterfeits, but accepting ſuch as are genuine, legal and bear a fair impreſſion.—Theſe a writer ought to attend to, but to pay little regard to others, tho' they burſt themſelves with applauſes of his performance. But if, diſregarding theſe, you ſeaſon your hiſtory immoderately with fictions, panegyric and other dizening, you would ſoon make it like Hercules in Lydia: for you have probably ſeen him repreſented in a picture, attending Omphale as a ſlave, dreſſed in a very unſuitable garb; her truly, with his lion's ſkin thrown about her, and holding his club in her hand, as if ſhe were Hercules himſelf forſooth; but him with a crocus-coloured veil and purple robe, carding wool, and ſuffering Omphale to beat him with her ſandal; and the ſhamefulleſt ſight of all is the dreſs falling off from his body and not ſitting cloſe, and the manhood of the deity vilely debaſed.

§ 11. And the generality indeed, will, perhaps, applaud this conduct of yours; but thoſe few whom you deſpiſe, will laugh heartily till they are tired again, obſerving the heterogeneous mixture, confuſion and jumble of the buſineſs;—for every thing has its own proper beauty, but if you tranſpoſe this, the

the very ſame by being perverted from its uſe becomes a deformity.——I omit mentioning that panegyric tho' perhaps it may be agreeable to one perſon, namely, the ſubject of it, yet is diſguſting to others, eſpecially if it contains unnatural exceſs, ſuch as the generality of writers make it; hunting after the favour of thoſe on whom they laviſh their encomiums, and dwelling ſo long on this ſubject, that they make their adulation conſpicuous to every one; for they neither know how to execute it with ingenuity, nor do they throw a ſhade over their daubing, but falling to work they heap together every material of adulation, however incredible and deſtitute of the veil of delicacy.

§ 12. By this means they do not obtain even what they ſo earneſtly deſire, for they that are praiſed by them either hate, and deſervedly ſpurn them, as ſycophants, eſpecially if they are of a generous and manly ſpirit: as when Alexander, upon Ariſtobulus's recording the ſingle combat between that prince and Porus, and ſelecting that paſſage in his work to read to him, (for he expected to pleaſe the king highly, by falſely attributing to him inſtances of valour, and exaggerating his exploits beyond the bounds of truth) ſnatching the book, flung it headlong into the water, (for they happened to be ſailing on the river Hydaſpes) adding theſe words, "and you too "ought to be ſerved in the ſame manner, for fight-"ing ſuch combats for me and ſlaying many ele-

" phants with a ſingle javelin." And it was becoming Alexander thus to expreſs his indignation, ſince he could not even endure the preſumption of the architect, who undertook to make Mount Athos a ſtatue of him, and to transform that mountain into a likeneſs of the king; who immediately detecting the man to be a ſycophant, no longer employed him even in other buſineſs as before.

§ 13. Where then lies the pleaſure in theſe panegyrics? unleſs a man be ſo very weak-minded as to be delighted with ſuch applauſes as may be readily confuted; as ugly men and particularly ſilly women, deſire painters to repreſent them as handſome as poſſible; for they imagine that they themſelves will have a more agreeable countenance, if the painter would beſtow a higher bloom of rouge on their pictures, and infuſe a good ſhare of white in the paint. Such are the generality of writers, abjectly confining their attention to the preſent day, themſelves, and the profit they expect from the hiſtory. Theſe we ought to hold in deteſtation; in regard of the preſent time, becauſe they are manifeſt ſycophants, and injudicious ones too; in regard of the future, becauſe they make the whole ſubject liable to ſuſpicion by their exaggerations. But if any one thinks that the entertaining ought by all means to have a place in hiſtory, let him infuſe into his work, ſuch other entertainment as is conſiſtent with truth, and to be met with in other ornaments of writing than panegyric; which ſpecies of the agreeable,

moſt

moſt authors overlooking, inſert a heap of impertinent topics.

§ 14. But I ſhall recite what paſſages I recollect of ſome authors I heard lately in Ionia, nay, even in Achaia not long ſince, whilſt I liſtened to them deſcribing this ſame war.—And, by the Graces I intreat, let no one diſcredit what I ſhall ſay, for I would even ſware to the truth of it, were it polite to inſert an oath in a book.——One of them indeed, began preſently with the Muſes, invoking thoſe deities to aſſiſt him in the execution of his work,—you obſerve what a proper beginning this, well adapted to hiſtory, and ſuitable to this ſpecies of writing.—Then, after a little progreſs, he compared our general to Achilles forſooth, but to Therſites he likened the Perſian king, not reflecting that his Achilles would be a greater hero if he purſued an Hector, rather than a Therſites, and if

'The mighty fled, purſued by ſtronger might.'
Pope's Homer.

Then he lugged in ſome encomium on himſelf, and how proper a perſon he was to record ſuch ſplendid exploits—then proceeding, he extolled too his country Miletus, adding how much better he acted in this reſpect than Homer, who made no mention of his country.—At length at the cloſe of his prefatory diſcourſe, he, in expreſs terms and unequi-

vocally promiſed to exaggerate our affairs, but to wage war himſelf too, againſt the Barbarians, and depreſs them to the utmoſt of his power.—And he began thus (relating at the ſame time the cauſes of the breaking out of the war) "*for this cauſe therefore* "*that ſcoundrel and ill-fated Volgeſes began the* "*war.*" Such was this genius's performance.

§ 15. Another, a conſummate imitator of Thucydides (a true copy forſooth of that great original) ſet out too, like the former, with his own name, (the moſt elegant of all exordiums and ſavouring of Attick ſweetneſs) for lo! "*Creperius Calpurnianus,* "*a Pompeiopolite, wrote the hiſtory of the War be-* "*tween the Parthians and Romans, beginning from* "*the very breaking out thereof.*" So after ſuch a beginning, what occaſion have I to repeat the reſt?——what an harangue (for example) he delivered in Armenia, defying even the Corcyræan orator himſelf to the controverſy,——or, what a plague he brought upon the inhabitants of Niſibis, for not eſpouſing the cauſe of the Romans, taking it intirely from Thucydides as his own, except indeed the temple of Pelaſgus, and the long walls, in which thoſe that were ſick of the plague lived at that time. —But as to the other circumſtances, *it* too, *broke out in Æthiopia, and ſpread into Ægypt and over great part of the king's territories, and there it ſtopped* graciouſly!. So taking my leave of him burying the poor Athenians in Niſibis, I departed, well knowing

knowing what he was going to ſay.—It is very common too, to imagine that it is writing like Thucydides, to uſe his expreſſions with a little variation, and thoſe ſhort phraſes of his, "*as you yourſelf "would ſay*," "*not for the ſame reaſon, by Jove*;" and "*I had almoſt forgot to mention*;" and this ſame author inſerted in his hiſtory (which was written in Greek) the latin names of many engines and warlike machines, calling the foſs, the bridge, and the like, by the very ſame terms as the Romans.—And pray take notice how great was the dignity of this hiſtory, and how becoming Thucydides it was to have theſe Italian terms lying among Attic words, adding to them (as it were) the ſplendor of purple, ſuitable and agreeing in perfect harmony with them.

§ 16. But there was another of them who had compiled a meer journal of events, in a very poor and contemptible ſtile; ſuch as any common ſoldier, carpenter or ſuttler attending the army might have made by ſetting down the daily occurrences. However, this ſimple fellow was more tolerable than ſome others; for tho' it was immediately conſpicuous what a drone he was, yet he ſaved trouble for ſome other elegant writer, who would be able to conduct an hiſtory.—This only I blamed him for, that he intitled his books more pompouſly than they deſerved, in this manner; "*Of the Parthian Hiſ-"tories, by Callimorphus, Phyſician to the Sixth Legi-on of Pike-bearers, volume the*——". Then followed

the number of each, (and indeed he wrote a moſt frigid introduction, concluding logically, that by their very profeſſion, phyſicians had pretenſions to writing of hiſtory, thus, "for Æſculapius was the "ſon of Apollo, but Apollo was the leader of the "Muſes, and preſided over literature in general"). I blamed him too for this, that having begun to write in the Ionic dialect, he changed (I know not what was his reaſon) preſently to the common dialect, uſing indeed the terms ἰητρειην, πειρην, οκοσα, and νουσοι, (according to the Ionic, inſtead of ἰᾶτρειαν πειρᾶν οσσα, and νοσοι in the common dialect) but his other words were ſuch as are familiar to the people and moſt of them borrowed from the high-way.

§ 17. But if I muſt mention one who was a moſt profound man, yet let his name be concealed; but I ſhall deſcribe his plan and publication lately at Corinth, ſurpaſſing all expectation. In the beginning, even in the very firſt ſentence of his introduction he propoſes a queſtion to his readers, earneſtly proceeding to demonſtrate this very wiſe propoſition, "*that no one but a wiſe man ought to write an hiſtory*; preſently after, comes another ſyllogiſm; then another; and in ſhort his whole preface conſiſted of a ſtring of queſtions and ſyllogiſms in every figure. His flattery was exceſſive—his panegyric was diſguſting, and very paraſitical; but yet neither was it without ſyllogiſm, but conſiſted

ſiſted of queſtions and deductions like the reſt.—And indeed this too ſeemed to me diſguſting and very little becoming a Philoſopher and a thick hoary beard, for him to ſay in the preface, that, "*Our general will have this very great advantage, that even Philoſophers already condeſcend to record his exploits*" for this remark, (if indeed there were any grounds for it) he ought rather leave it to us to make, than declare it himſelf.

§ 18. Nor would it be right to paſs over in ſilence the hiſtorian who began thus, (affecting the Ionic dialect) "*I am going to ſpeak about the Romans and Perſians.*" and a little after, "*the Perſians muſt needs* "*be worſted.*" and again, "*there was Oſroes whom the Greeks yclep Oxyroes*" and many other ſuch inſtances of affectation. You ſee this one reſembles another I have mentioned before; *he* was like Thucydides forſooth, *this* one, Herodotus.

§ 19 Another too there was renowned for the excellency of his writing (and he likewiſe reſembling Thucydides, or even ſomewhat outdoing him) who deſcribed with the greateſt accuracy, every city, every mountain, plain and river—and burſt out into this (as he imagined) energetic exclamation, "*may the guardian deity turn it on the heads of our enemies!*" ſuch intenſe cold was there on the Caſpian ſnow and Celtic ice. The Emperor's ſhield was ſcarcely deſcribed by him in an intire book,

book, with the gorgon on the boſs of it, and her eyes of azure, white and black, and the girdle like the rainbow, and ſnakes entwined and hanging in cluſters.—But as to the trowſers of Vologeſes, or his horſe's bridle, good Hercules! how many myriads of verſes were taken up in deſcribing each of them, and in deſcribing Oſroes's hair, as he ſwam acroſs the Tigris, and the cave he fled to, where ivy, myrtle and laurel grew ſpontaneouſly together and covered it intirely with ſhade.—Obſerve how neceſſary theſe matters are to the hiſtory, and how ignorant we ſhould be of the tranſactions in that country, if we had not been informed of theſe.

§ 20. Thus from not being able to treat properly uſeful topics, or from ignorance of what topics they ought to adopt, they have recourſe to ſuch deſcriptions of countries and caves. And whenever they meet with buſy and great tranſactions, they are like a ſervant ſuddenly enriched by being juſt left heir to his maſter; who neither knows how to dreſs himſelf nor help himſelf at table, but tho' fowl, ſweet-bread and hares are laid before him, ſtuffs himſelf with ſome haſh or ſalt meat, helping himſelf frequently and plenteouſly, till he almoſt burſts with gorging.—So he that I mentioned before, likewiſe deſcribed wounds altogether incredible, and moſt extraordinary deaths, how one being wounded in the great toe expired inſtantly; and upon Priſcus the general's meerly

ſhouting

ſhouting aloud, twenty-ſeven of the enemy periſhed. And again as to the number of ſlain, he was guilty of falſhood in the relation, even in contradiction to the returns in the general's diſpatches; for he wrote, "that ſeventy thouſand, two hundred and thirty-ſix of the enemy were ſlain at Eropus,—but of the Romans only two, and nine wounded." I do not think any one in his ſenſes could endure theſe abſurd falſhoods.

§ 21. But this too I muſt mention, which is no trifling matter: for, for the ſake of being very Attic, and moſt delicately refined in his language, he thought proper thus to model the Roman names, and change them to the Grecian form, as to call Saturninus Cronius, Phronto Phrontis, Titianus Titanius, and others ſtill more ridiculouſly. Again, this ſame writer, ſpeaking of the death of Severianus, ſays, "*all other writers are miſtaken in thinking* "*that he put himſelf to death with his ſword, for* "*in fact the man ſtarved himſelf to death, as this* "*kind of death ſeemed to him to be attended with* "*leaſt pain,*" not reflecting that that whole cataſtrophe was completed in (I think) three days, but generally people deprived of food hold out even ſeven days; unleſs one would ſuppoſe that Oſroes ſtood waiting till Severianus ſhould periſh with hunger, and for that reaſon he (Severianus) did not protract it for the intire week, not being ſo impolite as to keep Oſroes waiting.

§ 22. But

§ 22. But what can one think of thoſe too, my worthy Philo, that uſe poetic phraſes in hiſtory? thoſe, for example that ſay; "*the fortreſs then the battering engine ſhook, and aloud the tottering wall reſounded as it fell,*" and again in another part of this beauteous hiſtory. "*Thus was Edepa com-*
"*paſſed with the din of arms, and clamour there and*
"*noiſe prevailed throughout—The chief he pondered*
"*in his breaſt, how beſt t' aſſail the walls.*" Then in the midſt of theſe pompous terms, many even vulgar and beggarly expreſſions were introduced, as "*the leader of the camp wrote to his maſter,*" and "*the ſoldiers were buying what they wanted*" and "*being waſhed, they were taking care of themſelves;*" and the like. So that it was like a player having on one foot a high tragick buſkin, but on the other a common ſandal.

§ 23. But you may take notice of others, who write ſplendid, pompous, and unconſcionably long introductions, (ſo that one forms great expectations of what admirable things he muſt needs hear preſently) but after all produce the body of the hiſtory, a poor, little contemptible piece; ſo that it is like the infant Cupid, whom you may have ſeen repreſented playing, putting on the enormous maſk of Hercules or Titan.—The hearers, indeed, ſay to themſelves, "*the mountain labours.*" This ought not to be ſo; but all ſhould be alike and of the ſame complexion, and the body agreeing with

with the head: So that the helmet may not be of gold whilſt the breaſt-plate is contempible, ſtitched together with picked-up rags, or rotten ſkin; the ſhield wicker, and hogſkin greaves about the legs—for you may ſee abundance of ſuch authors, fixing, as it were, the head of the Rhodian Coloſſus to the body of a dwarf—whilſt others again, introduce the bodies of their hiſtories headleſs, without any prefaces, and enter immediately on the narrative; theſe alledge in their defence the authority of Xenephon, who begins thus, "*Darius and Paryſatis have two ſons,*" and of others of the ancients; not aware that there are ſome which are prefaces *in effect*, tho' not taken notice of as ſuch by moſt people; as we ſhall hereafter ſhew.

§ 24. However, all theſe which are faults in the diction and the reſt of the ſtructure and compoſition of the work, are not abſolutely intolerable. But to aſſert falſehoods about the ſituation of places, not by paraſangs meerly, but by whole journeys, what fair-dealing is this like? One, indeed, compiled his account ſo indolently, that, having never even met with a Syrian, nor, (according to the vulgar ſaying,) heard people talking of ſuch matters in the barbers ſhops, ſpeaking of Europus, he ſaid thus, "*but Europus is ſituate in Meſopotamia, two days* "*journey from the Euphrates; it was a colony founded* "*by the Edeſſeans;*" Nor was this enough for him, but in that very ſame book, with his ſingle powers, this

this undaunted hero, takes up my country Samoſata, with the citadel itſelf and walls, and lays it down in Meſopotamia, ſo that it becomes bounded by both the rivers, flowing cloſe on each ſide of it, and almoſt touching the wall; yet it would be laughable enough, were I to aſſure you that I am not of Parthia or Meſopotamia, whither this wonderful writer has brought and planted me.

§ 25. And this is very credible, forſooth, which that ſame writer aſſerted concerning the death of Severianus, affirming with an oath, that he had heard it from one that fled from the very tranſaction, "*he was unwilling to put himſelf to death with a ſword, or to take poiſon or to ſtrangle himſelf, but bethought himſelf of a very romantic kind of death, and ſtrange even for the intrepidity of it.—He happened to have very large glaſs goblets, (of the beautifulleſt glaſs), and when he had firmly reſolved on dying, breaking the largeſt of them he uſed one of the pieces to put himſelf to death, by cutting his throat with the glaſs.*" Thus he never thought of getting a dagger or javelin, that he might die a manly and heroic death!

§ 26. Then, ſince Thucydides delivers a funeral oration as pronounced over thoſe that periſhed firſt in the Peleponneſian war—this writer thought he too ought to make an harangue over Severianus (for they all fall foul of Thucydides who was innocent

nocent of that diſaſter in Armenia, and therefore ought not to be puniſhed by having his great model of hiſtory debaſed by the paltry imitations of theſe writers). So, after burying Severianus with great magnificence, he brings up to the tomb one Afranius Silo, a Centurion, a very rival to Pericles, who pronounced over him ſo many and ſuch eulogiums, that by the Graces' I often burſt into tears—of laughter; and particularly when this orator Afranius, at the cloſe of his harangue, in a flood of tears, and with heart-felt lamentations, ſpoke of thoſe coſtly banquets and feaſts Severianus had given, then put an Ajax-like concluſion to the buſineſs; for drawing his ſword, with great intrepidity and becoming Afranius, in the ſight of all, he ſlew himſelf on the tomb,——and by Mars he would have really deſerved to die long before he came to the concluſion, had he been capable of making ſuch a ſpeech. All that were preſent looking on admired the deed, ſays the writer, and highly extolled Afranius. But I cenſured many parts of this worthy's behaviour who had nearly made particular mention of ſauces and diſhes, and wept at the recollection of pyes and tarts: but this eſpecially I blamed him for, that he did not, before he put himſelf to death, make away with the writer too and manager of this curious drama.

§ 27. But tho' I could enumerate for you many others like the former, yet when I ſhall have men-

tioned but a few more, I shall then pass over to the part I promised to treat of, Instructions how to write better.

There are some who omit important events, and such as deserve to be recorded, or lightly run them over, but, from stupidity, want of taste, or ignorance of what ought to be mentioned, and what passed over in silence, are even tedious in minute and elaborate descriptions of the meerest trifles: just as, if, one were neither to take notice of the beauty in general of the statue of Jupiter at Olympia, nor commend it, nor describe it to others who have not seen it; but were to admire the exact make and polish of the foot-stool, and the due proportion of the base; and treat of these with great care and precision.

§ 28. I have listened to one who ran over the battle at Europus in scarcely seven intire verses, but spent twenty measures or more, of the Clepsydra (*i. e. spent a great deal of time,*) on a frigid, insignificant relation, how "a mooriſh horseman, Mausacas "by name; wandering over the mountains, seeking "to quench his thirst, fell in with some Syrian "countrymen, who had prepared a repast for "themselves, and how that they were alarmed "at first, but afterwards, when they had learnt that "he was a friend, admitted and entertained him; for "it happened that one of them had travelled him-"self into the country of the Moors, his brother "being

" being in the army ſtationed in that quarter," then follow long fables and ſtories how " he uſed to " hunt in Mauritania," how " he ſaw may elephants " feeding together" how " he was near being devour- " ed by a lion," and " what large fiſh he bought " in Cæſarea," and the admirable hiſtorian tak- ing no notice of the immenſe ſlaughter at Europus, the attacks and neceſſary truces, the guards and counter guards, ſtood till late in the evening, look- ing at the Syrian (whoſe name was Malchion) buying in Cæſarea a bargain of great ſcar-fiſh; and if night had not come on, he would have ſupped with him too, the fiſh being now ready to be ſerved up. Which tranſactions unleſs they were carefully recorded, we ſhould be ignorant of very important matters, and the loſs to the Romans would have been intolerable, if Mauſacas the Moor, athirſt, had found nothing to drink, but had returned ſupperleſs to camp! But how many other paſſages ſtill more ridiculous do I now purpoſely omit! how " a piper came to them from the neighbouring village" and how " they exchanged gifts with one another, the Moor giving Malchion a ſpear, and getting in re- turna buckle," and many other ſuch ſtories, which however were the topics he chiefly dwelt on rela- tive to the battle of Europus. So that one may juſtly remark, that ſuch writers do not look at the roſe itſelf, but minutely obſerve its thorns near the root.

§ 29. Another, my dear Philo, (and he too moſt conſummately ridiculous) who had never ſet a foot out of Corinth, nor travelled as far as Chenchreæ, ſo far was he from ſeeing Syria or Armenia, began in this manner: "*For I remember myſelf— "the ears are not ſo credible as the eyes; I write "therefore what I ſaw, not what I heard,*" and he had ſeen every thing ſo accurately as to ſay, "the Parthians ſnakes, (for this is the ſignal they have to compute their numbers by, as each ſnake is attended by a thouſand men) are live ſnakes, enormouſly large, produced in Perſia a little above Iberia; that theſe faſtened to long poles are, at firſt, raiſed on high, and while the armies are advancing, from ſome diſtance, they ſtrike terror into the enemy; but in the conflict, when they come to cloſe fight, the Parthians, having looſed them, throw them among the enemy; for many of our men, ſays he, were thus devoured, and ſome were ſtrangled and ſqueezed to death, theſe ſnakes being twiſted about them; and all this he was an eye-witneſs to— ſtanding near at hand,——but in a ſafe place, however; for he made his obſervation from an high tree" and he did well in not going near thoſe beaſts, for otherwiſe we ſhould not now be bleſſed with ſo admirable an hiſtorian: and one who with his own hand performed great and ſplendid feats in that very war; for he often expoſed himſelf to immnent danger, and received a wound near Syra, as he was walking indeed from the Craneum to Lerna.

And

And theſe accounts he read in the preſence of the Corinthians, who knew very well that he had never ſeen a battle even drawn on a wall; nor did he know any thing about arms or warlike engines; nor the names of companies and diviſions; indeed he ſeemed to take pains to call *the deep Phalanx*, the *broad one*, and to call *leading in front*, *leading in wing*.

§ 30. One admirable fellow, wrote a book comprizing every tranſaction from the beginning to the end, in Armenia, in Syria, in Meſopotamia, thoſe on the Tigris and thoſe in Media, in ſcarcely five hundred lines; and having done this pretends that he has written a hiſtory—but he gave it a title almoſt longer than the book itſelf—"*A Narrative of the late Tranſactions of the Romans in Armenia, in Meſopotamia and in Media by Antiochianus, who obtained a victory in the Games dedicated to Apollo.*" (I ſuppoſe, he had got a prize in the long race, when a boy).

§ 31. But I have already heard one that has written events that are to be,—the capture of Vologeſes, the death of Oſroes (how he ſhall be thrown to a lion to be devoured), and above all, the much wiſhed for triumph to us——Thus prophetically inſpired he has hurried already to the end of his hiſtory—He has alſo built a city in Me-

ſopotamia "*in magnitude moſt great, and in beauty moſt ſuperb.*" But is ſtill conſidering and debating whether he ought to call it Nicæa from the victory, or Omonoia, or Eirenia—this point is ſtill undecided, and we have this beauteous city as yet without a name, a ſtructure replete with exceſſive folly, and the abſurdity of a drivelling ſcribbler—He has already promiſed that he will write the events that are to be in India, and the circumnavigation of the outward ſea; nor is this a promiſe merely, for the preface to the Indian Expedition is even now written, and the third legion, with the Celts, and a ſmall body of Moors, under the command of Caſſius have all paſſed the river Indus. But what exploits they will perform, or how they will receive the ſhock of the elephants, this admirable writer ere it be long will ſend us word, from Muzouris or Oxydracæ.

§ 32. Such follies are theſe writers guilty of from want of judgment; neither taking notice of ſuch things as are worthy of obſervation, nor capable, if they did take notice of them, of treating them properly; but ſetting themſelves about inventing, they adopt every ſilly fiction that comes in their head. And they give themſelves great airs, in the number of their books, and eſpecially in their titles; for theſe too are truly laughable, for example "*Of the Parthian victories, by ſuch a one, ſo many*

many books:"; and again, the "*First, second, &c.* "*of the Parthid,*" like *Atthid* I ſuppoſe. Another of them gave his book a title more elegant by far; for I have read "*The Parthonicica of Demetrius the* "*Sagalenſian*"——Nor do I mention theſe things to turn into ridicule and deriſion ſuch beautiful hiſtories, but for utility ſake; for whoever can avoid theſe and ſuch like errors, has already made conſiderable advances to writing juſtly; or to ſpeak more properly, he requires little more, if that be a true maxim which logicians lay down, that the negation of either-ſide of an alternative which admits of no mean, infers the other abſolutely.

§ 33. And now (may ſome one ſay) you have the ground well cleared, and whatever brambles there were, or buſhes in the way, are cut off, other rubbiſh removed and every unevenneſs levelled; ſo 'tis now incumbent on you to raiſe ſome edifice thereon, and to ſhew yourſelf able not only to overturn the works of others, but alſo to ſtrike out ſomething clever yourſelf, and what no one, not even Momus himſelf, can cenſure.

§ 34. I ſay then, that whoever deſigns to become a perfect writer of hiſtory, muſt be previouſly poſſeſſed of theſe principal qualifications, an active and firm underſtanding, and eloquence: the former indeed is the unteachable gift of nature; but as to eloquence, let that be acquired by much practice,

practice, continual application and by imitation of the ancients—Theſe therefore are not objects of art, and need not any inſtruction; this book of mine does not profeſs to communicate judgment and ſharpneſs of intellect to thoſe who have not received thoſe endowments from nature; great indeed, or rather ineſtimable would be its value, if it could reform and change ſuch momentous matters, make gold from ſilver, or ſilver from pewter;—make a Titormus of Conon, or a Milo of Leotriphodes.

§ 35. But where then (it may be objected) is the uſe of art and inſtruction? not (I anſwer) to create the requiſite qualities; but to teach the proper uſe of them—juſt as Iccus, Herodicus, Theon, or any other teacher of athletic exerciſe, would not engage to take this puny Perdicas, and make him an Olympic victor, an antagoniſt to Theagenes of Thaſus, or Polydamas of Scotuſſa; but if you offered him a ſubject well adapted by nature for the reception of athletic proweſs, he would undertake to improve him greatly by his art.—So let not ſuch an invidious promiſe be imputed to me, when I ſay I have found out an art for this great and difficult buſineſs: for I do not promiſe to take any one at random and make him a writer, but to point out to one who by nature is endowed with a good underſtanding, and is well practiſed in eloquence, ſome direct avenues, by taking advantage of which, (if they appear ſuch to him) he may more quickly

and

and eaſily accompliſh his purpoſe, and reach his deſtined aim.

§ 36. For you will not aſſert that one that is poſſeſſed of ſuch an underſtanding, requires no art nor inſtruction in matters that he is ignorant of; if it were ſo, he could even play the harp or flute without inſtruction, and would know how to do every thing; and yet 'tis plain, that now, not having learnt, he can execute none of them; but when ſome one aſſiſts him with inſtructions, he can eaſily learn, and then perform well by himſelf.

§ 37. Let therefore ſuch a pupil as this be committed to our care; deficient neither in underſtanding nor in elocution; but of a penetrating diſcernment; capable of conducting public affairs himſelf, were they entruſted to his charge; of a military ſpirit; acquainted as well with the duty of a general as with civil juriſprudence; ay and one who has once been in a camp and ſeen ſoldiers exerciſing or drawn up, and is acquainted with the arms and ſome warlike engines; knows what the terms "*to the wing*" "*to the front*" ſignify; how the companies of foot; how the ſquadrons of horſe ſally out, and whence, and what it is to do ſo; and to wheel about; and in a word, he muſt not be a home-bred genius, nor one who is ready to credit merely hearſay intelligence.

§ 38. But

§ 38. But eſpecially, and above all, he muſt be liberal in his ſentiments, influenced neither with dread of any one, nor hopes of any thing; if not, he will be like corrupt judges who for a bribe pronounce judgment to gratify either favour or reſentment. Let him not dread Philip when he relates his having his eye ſhot out at Olynthus, by After the Archer of Amphipolis; but let his behaviour be deſcribed as it was—Nor let him dread Alexander, in relating the murder of Clitus, barbarouſly perpetrated in the midſt of a feaſt; if that fact be clearly authenticated.—Nor let Cleon intimidate him, powerful as he was in the aſſembly of the people, and great his influence in perverting the decrees of juſtice, from declaring that he was a deſtructive and turbulent man. Nor the whole ſtate of Athens overawe him in relating their misfortunes in Sicily, the capture of Demoſthenes and the death of Nicias; what drought they ſuffered; what water they drank; and how many were ſlain as they quenched their thirſt: For he will be ſenſible (as he really ought) that no rational perſon will blame him for relating thoſe unfortunate and ill-conducted meaſures, as they happened; for he is not the author of them, but the recorder. If they are vanquiſhed at ſea, 'tis not he that ſinks their ſhips; if they fly, 'tis not he that purſues (unleſs, when he ought to have prayed to avert ſome calamity, he neglected to do ſo)—ſince if, by paſſing them over in ſilence, or reporting the ſucceſs to have been contrary to what it was, he could have

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corrected thoſe misfortunes; it would have been eaſy for Thucydides to have overturned the counterwall on the Epipolæ with one ſlender pen; to ſink the gallies of Hermocrates, and pierce thro' the body that execrated Gylippus, as he was baricading, and digging trenches acroſs the roads, to obſtruct the flight of the Athenians; and in fine, to throw the Syracuſians into the quarries and make the Athenians with their victorious fleet ſail round to Sicily and Italy, according to the firſt hopes entertained by Alcibiades. But I know neither Clotho can retract, nor Atropos change paſt events.

§ 39. The only buſineſs of an hiſtorian is to relate events juſt as they happened; but this he can not do, as long as he is under awe of Artaxerxes, being that prince's phyſician, or hopes to receive the purple Perſian robe, necklace of gold, and Niceean horſe, as the price of the praiſes laviſhed on him in his hiſtory—But Xenophon, an impartial hiſtorian, would not act thus; nor Thucydides; but even if he entertained any private pique, he would conſider the commonweal as an object more worthy of his attention, and ſet a higher value upon truth than the gratification of his reſentment: and if he have a friend, he will not ſpare cenſuring his miſconduct. For this one thing is the peculiar characteriſtic of hiſtory, and he that goes to write one, muſt ſacrifice to truth alone, and diſregard every other conſideration. In a word, the

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only rule and true meaſure is, not to regard thoſe who hear your works read now, but thoſe who ſhall be acquainted with them in future time.

§ 40. Whoever makes the preſent time the object of his court and attention, may deſervedly be reckoned among the tribe of ſycophants, whom hiſtory, at once, from the very firſt ſpurns with indignation, no leſs than does the athletic diſcipline the art of paltry decoration—They relate this ſaying of Alexander "*With what pleaſure* (ſaid he,) *Oneſicratus, would I return to life tho' for a ſhort time, after my deceaſe, to learn how men at that time will read of theſe things? for do not be ſurprized that they praiſe them now and extol them with rapture: for every one of them imagines that by this, no trifling bait, he cannot fail to catch my favour.*"

Some indeed are induced to credit Homer (who without doubt wrote many fabulous ſtories about Achilles) upon only this great argument which they advance of his veracity; that he did not write about him in his life time; for they cannot find out any motive for his being guilty of falſhood.

§ 41. Such then let me have an hiſtorian; intrepid, incorruptible, liberal, attached to freedom of ſpeech and to truth, calling (as the comic poet ſays) figs, figs; a boat, boat: indulging neither reſentment, nor friendſhip: not ſparing thro' pity, baſhfulneſs

fulneſs or reſpect; an impartial judge, well affected to all, ſo as not to beſtow on either ſide more than its due: a ſtranger in what he writes; a member of no ſtate; independent; ſwearing allegiance to no prince: not conſidering what this one, or what that one will think of it, but relating facts.

§ 42. Rightly therefore did Thucydides enact this law, and diſtinguiſh the excellency and imperfection of writing, obſerving Herodotus exceedingly admired, in ſo much that his books were called the Muſes. He ſays he writes "an Eternal Poſſeſſion, "rather than a contentious inſtrument of preſent "applauſe;" and that "he does not embrace falſ-"hood, but tranſmits the truth of events to poſte-"rity," and ſubjoins utility, and what every perſon of ſenſe would propoſe, as the end of hiſtory, namely, that if again ſimilar caſes ſhould occur, they may know how to conduct the preſent, by looking back to the paſt.

§ 43. Such let the mental qualifications be of a writer who comes to liſten to my inſtructions: but as to his ſtyle and ſtrength of expreſſion; let him avoid exceſſive energy, in that vehement rugged ſpecies of compoſition, abounding with continued periods, and interrupted with argumentations; and in other diſplays of oratory; but let him when he begins to write, obſerve a great tranquillity and moderation——Let his thoughts be regular, and

compact; his phraseology clear, and such as is commonly used in polite life, so as to express the subject matter with the greatest perspicuity.

§ 44. For as we proposed freedom in delivering his sentiments and a love of truth, as the objects to be aimed at in the mental qualities of a writer. So in his diction, one first object is to express clearly and manifestly elucidate the subject, avoiding unknown and uncommon terms, nor yet adopting such as are used in markets and taverns; but such as may be understood by the vulgar, and deserve the approbation of the learned. And let his style be adorned with figures that are easy and by no means laboured; otherwise they make the writing like sauce spoilt with excess of cookery.

§ 45. Let his imagination have a share and portion of poetry, inasmuch as it too should be elevated and dictate a sublimity of language, and particularly when he is engaged in the description of drawn out armies, battles and sea-fights——for then there will be occasion for a poetic gale to swell the sails in the course, and bear the bark aloft, gliding on the surface of the waves—Let the language at the same time not quit the ground, tho' elated with the beauty and sublimity of the subject, and as much as possible suited thereto, but not launching into extravagancies and immoderate enthusiasm: for then is it in greatest danger of going astray,

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and being hurried into the phrenzy of poetry; then particularly we must obey the curb and observe moderation, sensible that, as in horses, so in writing, an ungovernable spirit is a considerable fault. 'Tis better that whilst the imagination is mounted on her steed, the diction should accompany her, on foot, holding the saddle-skirt, that she may not be left behind from the rapidity of the course.

§ 46. A writer ought to use such a composition of his words as is moderate and free from both extremes, neither admitting too great an interruption and suspension of voice in reading them (for that is harsh); nor joining them almost in the easy run of verse, as most writers do; for this is faulty, and that grating to the ear.

§ 47. Nor, as to the subject matters, must he combine them without judgment: but elaborately and often even painfully revolving them in his mind. The facts he relates should be such as he himself has been present at, and a witness to, if possible; but if not, he must listen to those who relate them with the greatest sincerity, and whom one would least suspect to be influenced by favour or resentment to extenuate or exaggerate events: And here he must be shrewd in his conjectures, and judicious in collecting the greater probability.

§ 48. And when he ſhall have collected all or the moſt part of his materials; firſt let him form a kind of abſtract of them, and model the body of his work, unadorned as yet, and not diſtinguiſhed into its ſeveral parts and members. Then having methodized it, let him beſtow beauty on it, and complexion by the diction, embelliſh it with figures of eloquence, and ſtudy a pleaſing combination of his words.

§ 49. And, in a word, let him reſemble then the Jove of Homer, one time taking a view of the country of the Thracians delighting in horſes, another time of that of the Myſians. In like manner let the hiſtorian too, *now* view apart the affairs of Rome, and ſhew us what they appeared to him, as it were obſerving from on high; *then*, thoſe of the Perſians; and afterwards, of both together, if they are engaged in war with one another.——And in the very drawing out of the armies let him not confine his attention to one ſide, nor to one horſeman, nor to one foot ſoldier, unleſs indeed a Braſidas advances in the front, or a Demoſthenes obſtructs the landing of the enemy. He muſt attend to the generals firſt, and if they ſhall have given any orders, let him be informed of them; and how they drew out their armies, and with what judgment and deſign.——But when they have engaged, let his obſervation be common to both: let him weigh the tranſactions in a pair of ſcales (as it were) purſue with the purſuers, and fly with the rout.

§ 50. And

§ 50. And due bounds muſt be obſerved in all thoſe matters. He muſt not purſue any ſubject to exceſs, indiſcreetly, and with a boyiſh eagerneſs, but bring each topic to an eaſy cloſe; and having brought affairs in this quarter to a certain poſture, let him paſs over to others, which call for his attention; then again, when acquitted of this charge, let him return to the former, and haſten to every quarter; and be as much as poſſible every where preſent at once; fly from Armenia to Media, thence with one dart to Iberia: then to Italy, ſo as not to be outſtripped by any lapſe of time.

§ 51. But particularly let him have his mind like a mirror, unſullied, bright and accurate; and whatever images of facts it receives, ſuch let it reflect them, but exhibit nothing diſtorted, diſcoloured or disfigured. For hiſtorians are not writing for teachers of oratory, but the ſubject to be treated is given, and muſt be ſpoke, for it is already done; but it is neceſſary to methodize and relate it: for they have not to conſider *what* they ought to ſay, but *how* they ought to ſay it.—In a word, we muſt conclude that an hiſtorian ought to be like Phidias, Praxiteles or Alcamenes or any other profeſſor of the ſtatuary art: for neither did they make the gold or ſilver, ivory or other materials; but theſe were ſuppliedand provided for them by the care and expenſe of the Eleans, Athenians or Argives; they indeed ſhaped them, ſawed and poliſhed the ivory,

joined and fitted the parts, and embelliſhed the work with gold. It was their art to uſe the materials properly. Such too is the buſineſs of the hiſtorian; to arrange events with beauty, and deſcribe them with perſpicuity, to the beſt of his power. And when any one liſtening to his hiſtory, thinks that he ſees the events related, and then praiſes the work; then, then indeed! is it compleatly finiſhed, and has obtained his due and ſincere applauſe for the Phidias of the hiſtory.

§ 52. When the writer has all his materials provided, he will begin ſometimes without an introduction, when the buſineſs does not much require any thing to be premiſed in one. But even then he will in effect uſe an introduction, by declaring what the ſubject is that he propoſes treating of.

§ 53. But when he profeſſedly makes an introduction, he will begin from only two topics; not as orators do from three; but omitting, that of engaging the good will of the audience, he will ſeek to procure their attention and ready apprehenſion. —They will pay him attention if he ſhews them that great and important events, or ſuch as concern their own ſtate, or uſeful topics, are to be the ſubject of his work.—And he will make what is to follow clear, and eaſy to their apprehenſion, by premiſing the cauſes; and diſtinguiſhing the principal heads of the events.

§ 54. The

§ 54. The beſt writers have uſed ſuch introductions. Herodotus begins with ſaying, that he writes, "That the memory of theſe events might not be worn out by time, ſeeing that they were great and wonderful, diſplaying the victories of the Greeks, and the defeats of the Barbarians."—Thucydides, "Becauſe he expected that that war would be of great moment, worth recording, and greater than any before; as great calamities happened in it."

§ 55. 'Tis a great matter that an introduction be copious or conciſe in proportion to the ſubject; but let the tranſition from it to the narrative be gentle and eaſy, for in truth the entire body of the hiſtory afterwards, is a long narrative; ſo let it be adorned with the beauties of narration; proceeding ſmoothly and regularly, and of a piece with itſelf throughout, ſo that no one part ſhould eminently ſurpaſs or fall ſhort of the reſt. Then let the brightneſs of perſpicuity diſplay itſelf; which is effected both by the diction, as I ſaid, and alſo by the due compoſition of the matter.—He will make every part compleat and perfect, and having finiſhed the firſt, he will ſubjoin the ſecond annexed thereto and fitted, after the manner of the links of a chain, ſo as to admit of no interruption, nor diſtinct narratives combined together; but ſo that the firſt part ſhould not only be next to, but alſo communicate with the ſecond,

cond, and their extremes be intermixed, *i. e.* the cloſe of the firſt with the beginning of the ſecond.

§ 56. Quickneſs and conciſeneſs are proper in all parts of the work, eſpecially if there be abundance of matter. And theſe are to be obtained not ſo much by the brevity of words and expreſſions as from the matter itſelf; I mean, by lightly running over the ſmall and leſs important ſubjects, and ſufficiently deſcribing thoſe of moment; or rather many things ought to be entirely omitted: for if you were giving an entertainment to your friends, tho' you had every thing provided, yet you would not for that reaſon ſerve up ſorry fiſh and puls (if you had any of it ready) in the midſt of ſweet-meats, wild-fowl, and ſo many diſhes of delicacies; brawn, hares and ſweetbreads—but you would leave out the poorer articles entirely.

§ 57. But particularly there is need of diſcreet moderation, in the deſcription of mountains, fortifications or rivers, leſt you ſhould ſeem to make a fooliſh parade of your eloquence, and to be taken up with yourſelf while you neglect the hiſtory; but when you have lightly touched on thoſe ſubjects, for uſe and perſpicuity ſake; you muſt quit them, ſhunning the attraction thoſe topics have, and all ſuch indulgence. You ſee how Homer acts from the greatneſs of his mind, for tho' a poet, he ſlightly mentions Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus and the reſt.

reſt. But if Parthenius, Euphorion or Callimachus were writing on thoſe ſubjects, how many verſes would there be in raiſing the water to Tantalus's lip! then how many in rolling Ixion! But ſee rather how Thucydides, who has uſed this kind of writing (the deſcriptive) but little, immediately deſiſts when he has deſcribed a warlike machine, or explained the manner of a blockade, (however neceſſary and proper to be related) the plan of Epipolæ, or the port of Syracuſe—For when he deſcribes the plague and ſeems prolix, do but conſider the ſubject; for thus you will obſerve his conciſeneſs, and how the variety of matter ſtops him in his haſte.

§ 58. But if at any time there is occaſion to introduce a perſon ſpeaking; firſt of all, let him ſay what is agreeable to his character, and relative to his ſubject; then let him deliver it with all poſſible clearneſs. But on ſuch occaſions you may diſplay the orator and exert your powers of eloquence.

§ 59. Commendation and cenſure ſhould be ſparingly uſed, and with circumſpection; free from malice; founded on proofs; conciſe and on proper occaſions; otherwiſe they are irrelative to the merits of the caſe, and ſuch as do not claim attention in the tribunal of hiſtory, and you will be guilty of the ſame fault as Theopompus, who took a malicious pleaſure in cenſuring almoſt every one, and made

made this his buſineſs, ſo that he was taken up rather with penning accuſations, than with relating events.

§ 60. And if any fabulous ſtory occur, it ought to be related; not credited, but left undecided to the reader to form his conjectures as he chooſes. But you are ſafe, and not inclined to one ſide more than another.

§ 61. Upon the whole, remember this (for I will often inculcate it), do not write with your attention fixed on the preſent time only, that your cotemporaries may applaud and confer honours on you; but aiming at the approbation of every age, rather addreſs your writings to poſterity, and from it ſeek the reward of your literary labours; that it may be ſaid of you "He indeed was a man of li-"beral ſpirit, and ſpoke the truth with freedom; "there is nothing in him of the ſycophant, and "abject ſlave; but truth pervades the whole of his "book." Such a reward a wiſe man would value more than all hopes confined to the preſent time, whoſe objects periſh in a moment.

§ 62. See what the architect of Cnidus did! when he had built the tower in the iſland of Pharos (the largeſt and moſt beautiful of all his works) from which ſignals might be given by lights to mariners at a great diſtance out at ſea, to avoid the

Parætonia,

Parætonia, which is very dangerous, they ſay, and threatens inevitable deſtruction, ſhould a veſſel get on that rocky ſhore; I ſay when he had built the edifice, he cut his name on the ſtones, at the inſide, and having ſpread it over with plaiſter and covered it, he inſcribed the name of the reigning prince on the plaiſter, well knowing (what really happened) that in a very ſhort time, theſe letters would fall off with the covering of plaiſter; but that this inſcription on the ſtone would appear, "SOSTRA-"TUS *the Son of* Dexiphanes, *to the Guardian* "*Deities, for the ſafety of thoſe at ſea.*" Thus he did not look to that preſent time, nor even to his own ſhort life; but to this and every future age, as long as the tower ſtands and his art remains.

§ 63. So ſhould a hiſtory be written; with truth, to future hope, rather than with flattery to gratify thoſe now alive, who may be praiſed in it. This is the rule and ſtandard of juſt hiſtory; and if any ſhall be guided by it, I wiſh them ſucceſs, and I ſhall have written to good purpoſe—But if not, I have rolled my tub in the Craneum.

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